

HELL HOUNDS at BAY AGAIN

By Ex-Legionnaire 1384

AUG. 25,
1934



Liberty 5¢

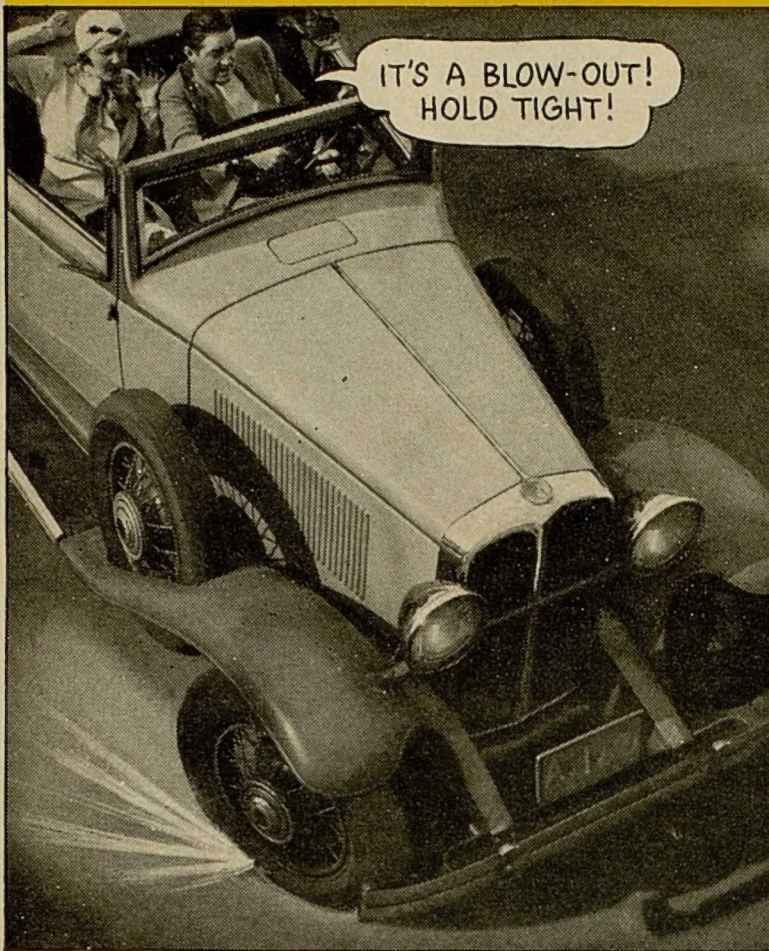


HOW FREE DO WE
WANT TO BE?

by

H. L. Mencken

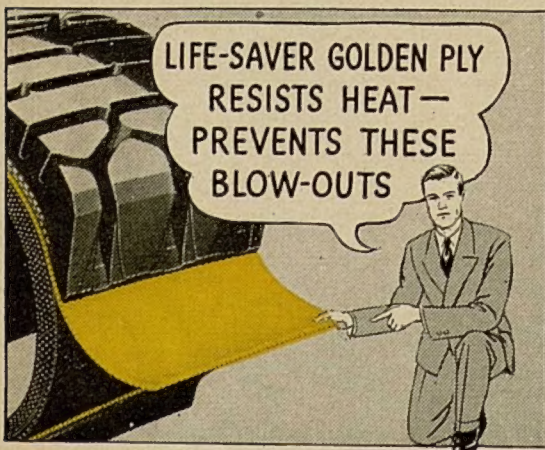
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THIS TIRE MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!



Heat inside the tire causes invisible blisters which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out!



Golden Ply Silvertown Gives You Real Blow-out Protection . . . and months of extra mileage, too

EVERY year automobiles travel faster and faster. Wheels are smaller. Cars are built closer to the road. Tires that were good enough under former conditions couldn't stand the "gaff" and blew out. That's why Goodrich engineers invented the Golden Ply. It was needed *to save lives!* It was needed to give motorists *real* protection against treacherous blow-outs at today's high speeds!

What causes blow-outs

At speeds of 40, 50 and 60 miles an hour, the *inside* of the tire gets as hot as boiling water. The rubber in the outer ply breaks down—loses its grip on the tread. A blister forms—and grows bigger, BIGGER, until, BANG! A blow-out! And you need plenty of luck to keep off the accident list.

That's why every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable invention resists

heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented *before* it begins.

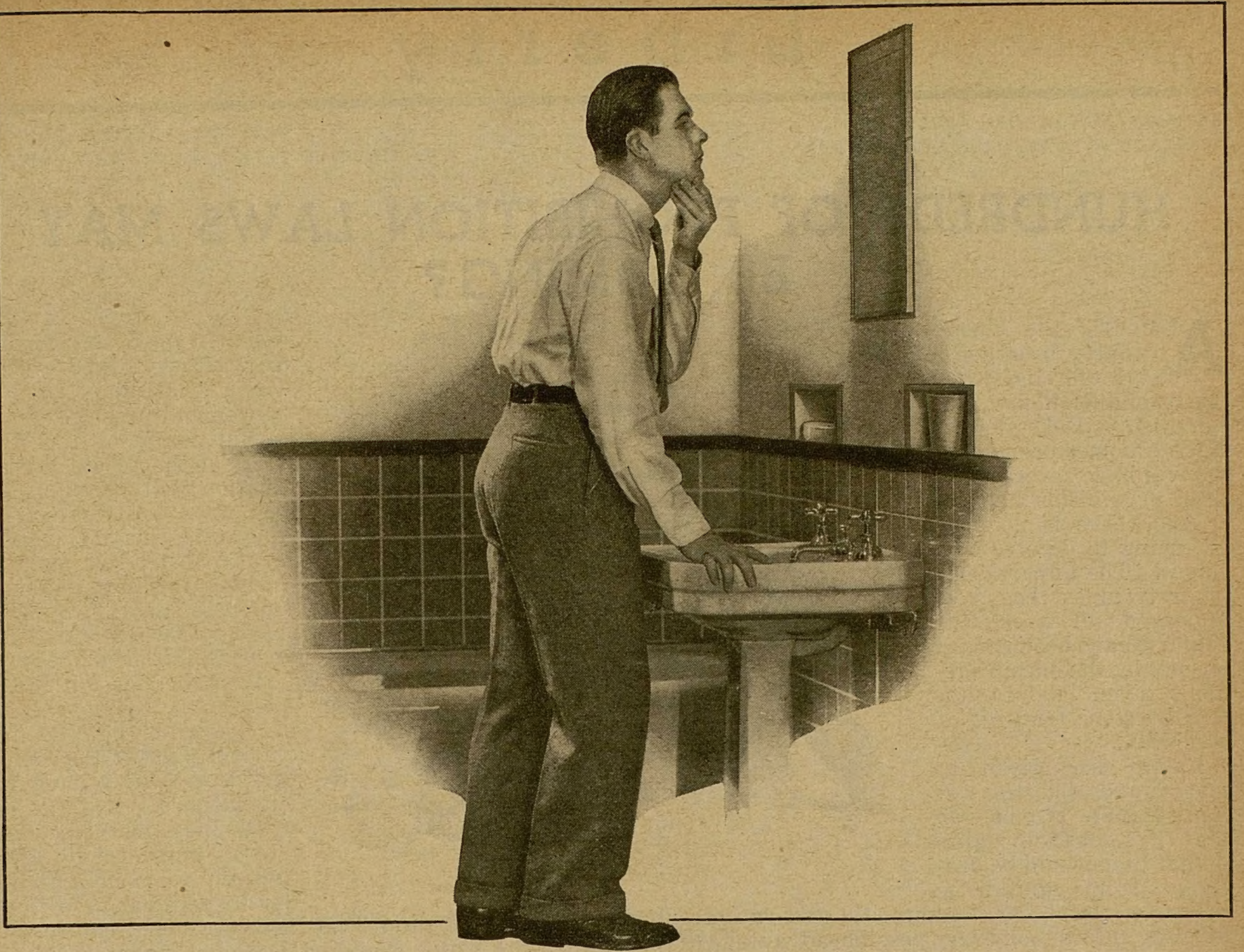
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HUNDREDS OF PROHIBITION LAWS MAY BE COMING?

ALMOST the entire country breathed a sigh of relief when the prohibition law was annulled. But if the NRA becomes permanent we will have several hundred prohibition laws.

And there is no need of trying to deceive ourselves. The unparalleled labor troubles that have appeared all over this country have been caused largely by the encouragement given labor agitators by some features of the NRA.

Labor was given to understand that the administration would see that they got their rights—that they would be protected from capitalistic injustice. And the communistic and racketeering labor agitators took every possible advantage of this undue encouragement. Their lawless activities were already treated with too much consideration, and no one realizes this more than well balanced advisers of union labor.

Matthew Woll, third vice president of the American Federation of Labor, in a recent article in *Liberty*, warned us in no uncertain terms against labor leaders whose one object was to create trouble between labor and capital with the hope of it leading to a bloody revolution like that which destroyed the capitalistic system in Russia.

Prohibition of the Volstead type undoubtedly did more than anything else to make this country the most lawless nation on the face of the earth. It was passed as an emergency measure during the World War when man power was at a premium and every one realized the necessity of removing every influence that would lower the vitality or destroy the morale of our young men.

And one of the serious defects of our governmental system is the appalling difficulties that are presented when it becomes desirable to annul evil legislation. The officials who are managing the NRA, which accomplished such splendid results as an emergency measure, naturally want to hold their jobs. They will try to prove that the advantages secured through such control of business should be continued indefinitely. And bureaucratic Washing-



ton will make extraordinary efforts to hold everything that adds to its power and prestige.

But many of the defects of the Volstead legislation will be found in the NRA restrictions if they are made permanent. Instead of having bootlegging in the liquor business only, we will have to face this evil in every kind of business.

And the possibility of politicians being placed in charge of the NRA in various parts of the country represents a dangerous menace.

Business methods cannot be improved by giving enforcement authority to political favorites.

We will all admit that there are some features of the NRA which would be desirable if they could be enforced. There is unfair competition, for example. But how can this be eliminated without leading to monopoly? Price fixing will ultimately lead to monopoly in every instance. As an emergency it might be avoided, but never as a permanency. Unfair competition would work a hardship on a few business men, but a monopoly would add to the living expenses of the entire public.

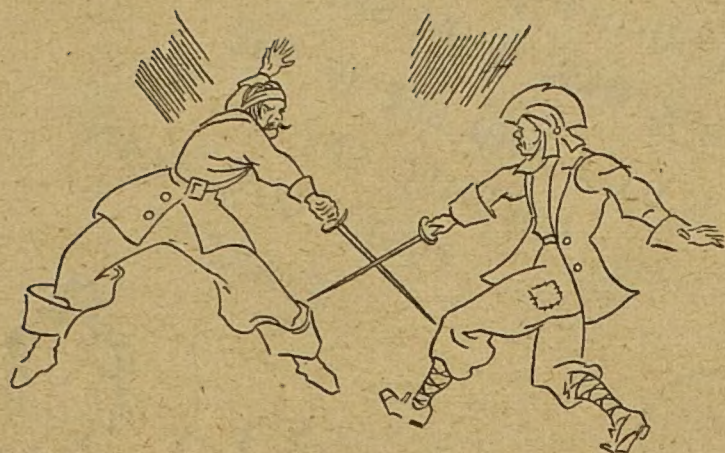
We all commended the elimination of child labor. But reports from some parts of the country indicate that this evil has not been cured by any means. It is impossible to legislate against home work, and many children still toil throughout the long day for two or three dollars a week.

Undoubtedly there are some features of the NRA that many business men would like to retain. But the efforts of enforcing them permanently would probably be as disastrous as the monopoly that results from trying to restrict unfair competition.

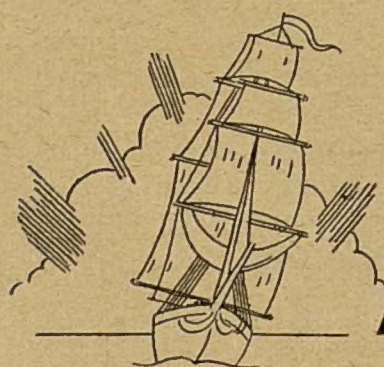
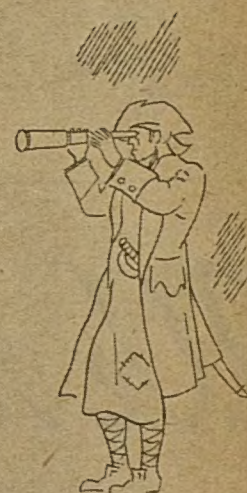
The business activities of this country were continued for nearly a century and a half, growing to such colossal proportions as to outstrip all national competitors without governmental direction or supervision. And many of the evils which we have tried to eliminate by the NRA were caused largely if not entirely by failure of the government to rigidly enforce existing laws.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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ALL the love you have...you'll gladly give the Champ and the Kid as they return to the screen together, in the greatest of all adventure stories...Anchors aweigh! Follow them to the end of the rainbow of romance! The Jolly Roger flies above...adventure walks the sea-sprayed decks below! Come...the open seas call...We're away to "Treasure Island!"



WALLACE BEERY
JACKIE COOPER
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Treasure Island

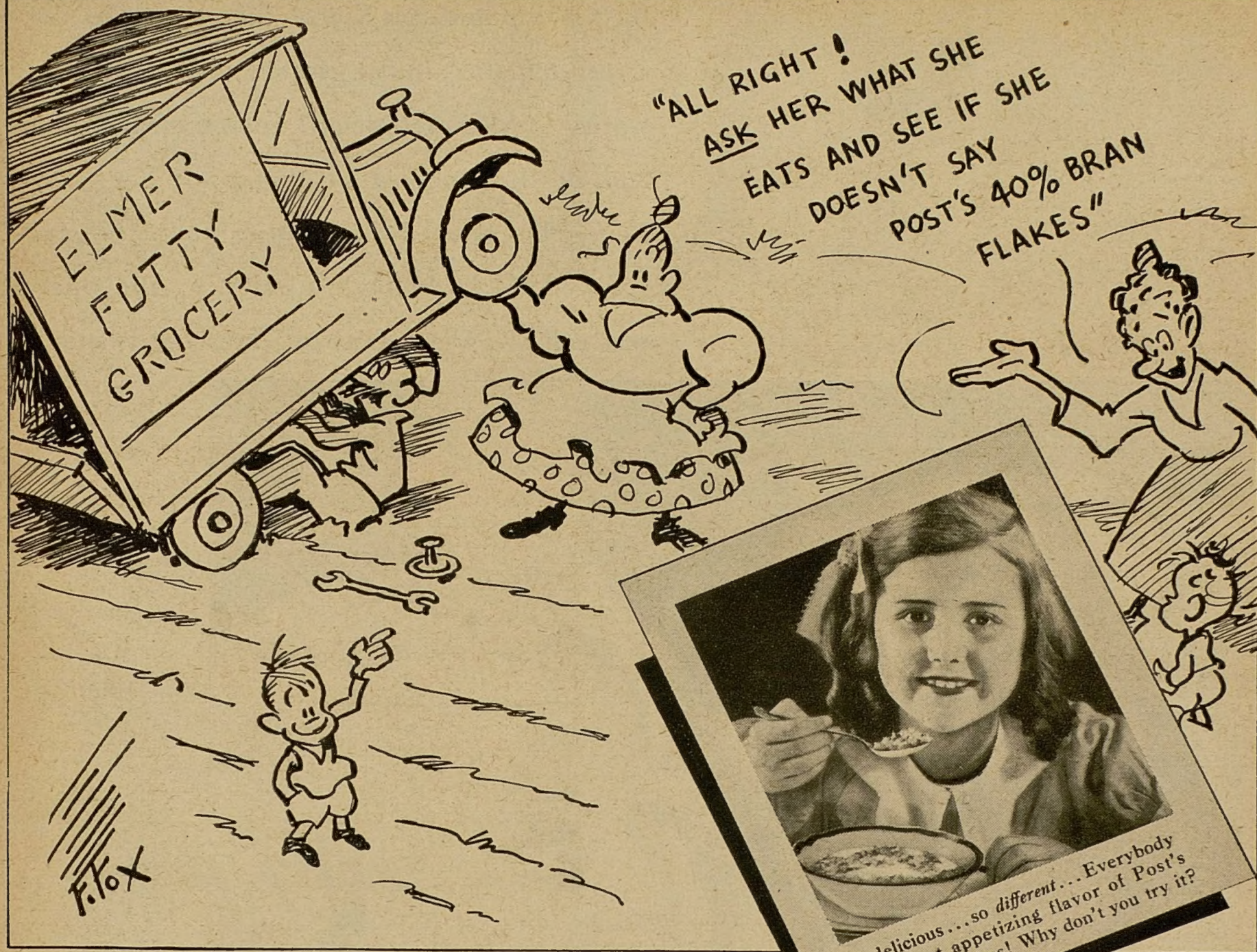
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B E G I N N I N G

Hell Hounds at Bay Again

**New, Amazing Revelations of
Life and Death in the Foreign
Legion—This Time in Its
Dreaded Secret Service**

by the famous

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

in collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE SULTAN'S DANCING GIRL

UNTIL we met Major Beauregarde, the chief at that time of the Secret Service in Morocco, we knew we had but been playing with this dirty game of espionage. From the moment that we reported to him we began in real earnest. He wasted no time over introductions.

"Listen, you *sales cochons!*" he said between oaths. "The position of France in Morocco is serious. At the moment we cannot afford war. Your investigations into the activities of Abd-el-Krim leave me cold. I already know about them. At present Raisale is our biggest trouble. The day he joins forces with Krim will be a distinctly bad one for France. He has an army of sixty thousand men. You two in the guise of free soldiers of fortune will get inside that army."

"There are plenty of your sort there already. But I want reports from you. I want all the information possible regarding his men and munitions, the disposition of his troops, his feelings regarding Abd-el-Krim. As his





DECORATIONS
by CARL PFEUFER

friends you will foster the ill feeling between him and Krim; you will spread the belief that Krim is attempting to usurp his authority in the eyes of the people. And now dismiss! Get out! Dog and son of a dog!"

We fell over each other in leaving the presence.

"There is something about that man that I don't like," said I breathlessly.

"Yeah? It's just that you're hard to please, I guess," McCann grunted. "Where do we start on this stunt? Try the Pit? What say?"

"One Arab wine shop is as good as another."

The Pit, however, was rather worse than most drinking shops of the native quarters. As travelers of no particular allegiance we soon made ourselves at home in a back room among Arabs, Negroes, Portuguese, Maltese, Greeks, and Levantines. It was the usual kind of dive, with dancing floor, tables and bar, and an atmosphere thick with smoke; with its own *lingua franca* and its own female element. The customers found the dice and the drink more attractive. The girls were not particularly young, and some were fat and some angular.

McCann sighed audibly.

"This is a bit slow," quoth I.

An Arab at the next table smiled and nodded in a friendly fashion. We invited him over. He accepted a drink. We switched him from the obvious subject of the women to that of Sultan el-Raisale. At the mention of the great chief's name the Arab's face darkened. He spat in disgust. I stared at McCann. There was an almost imperceptible lift of an eyebrow. I suggested we were out for adventure. We should welcome an opportunity to join forces with one of these Riffian sheiks against the French. The man smiled.

"But it is Abd-el-Krim you should join! He is the great leader of the people of Maroc!"

We had fallen in with a spy almost at the first step! The rest was easy. He promised us many things if we would join Krim—riches, fine horses, guns and equipment, and beautiful girls. He offered a fabulous sum. We promised him our decision in twenty-four hours.

There came a sudden hush over that room. The musicians had stopped. The dancing girls had retired with their partners. Every one turned toward a door at the far end of the room. A young girl appeared, a lovely creature with eyes and hair as dark as midnight. She wore great fat amber beads, the color of her skin—and little else. She had the sort of figure that artists dream about. She seemed to float into the room. There was dead silence as she stepped soundlessly into the dancing floor and pirouetted in slow motion.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ever since *Hell Hounds!* was published in *Liberty*, readers have been asking for more. As they will remember, the author of that electrifying real-life serial, *Ex-Legionnaire 1384*, was known to be an internationally famous character who dared not disclose his name, and *Hell Hounds!* was vouched for by him, on his oath, as a genuine inside revelation of the French Foreign Legion.

It was his story of his three and a half years on active service in Morocco and Syria and his subsequent eighteen months in French prisons. It pictured the desperate defense of Bab Mezrab against the Riffs; the mystery and horror of the "lost garrison" of Ammasine; the relief of the citadel in Damascus, besieged by the bloodthirsty Jebel Druses; the frightful Massacre of the Mezzra Bowl; and much more that is historic. Through all this ran, at fever heat, his account of his personal adventures and those of his American sidekick, McCann.

It seemed hardly possible that there could be much more for the readers who kept asking for it so eagerly; hardly possible that one former Hell Hound could have much more to relate and reveal! But it has now developed that *Ex-Legionnaire 1384* (or Barrington, as he calls himself fictitiously) and McCann were for a time agents of *L'espionnage centrale*, the Legion's secret service. It is obvious that he said nothing of this in *Hell Hounds!* because he was still somewhat sensitive about it, even though he and McCann had become spies not from choice but as victims of circumstances. He has at last been prevailed upon to tell this story also—and here it is, *Hell Hounds at Bay Again*.

He explains that very early in their service the two happened to listen to a dying German youth who said he had been kidnaped and dragooned into the Legion. From that moment they were treated by their officers as men who knew too much. Presently, in the town of Sus, each was offered a chance to enter *L'espionnage centrale*—whose spies were incessantly spied upon in turn—and was told he had no choice but to accept. As agents they were given identity cards, which must be guarded "as you would your life."

Both hated the work from the start. Barrington's first assignment was to investigate his sweetheart of the moment. She was suspected in connection with Arab gun running; already there were rumors that a great revolt was brewing in the Riff country. These rumors she confirmed, adding that there was dissension among the tribesmen because Sultan el-Raisale would have none of a new leader, Abd-el-Krim. She besought Barrington to desert and fly with her to the hills. He resisted the temptation, reported on her, and led her into an ambush, whereupon she killed herself.

The episode intensified his aversion to the secret service. He remained in it, however, and with McCann arranged to entrap an Arab spy, Turan Shah, who had tried to cajole the two into deserting and joining Abd-el-Krim's forces. The trap was bungled by their chief; Turan Shah escaped—to become their most dangerous enemy, as will appear again and again in this narrative.

Soon afterward they were sent to Fez to look into the rumors concerning Abd-el-Krim.

A sudden intake of breath broke that silence. Some one whispered a name:

"Zita!"

Then another and another, until it was taken up by the whole crowd in a hoarse triumphant chant:

"Zita! Zita! Zita! Zita!"

The band struck up—a sudden wailing of pipes and a throbbing of drums—crashing into the cries of men. By degrees her pirouetting grew swifter and swifter. The musicians followed the time of the whirling figure. Faster and faster grew the pace, while men rose from their seats, arms waving, yelling in ecstasy. As I watched I felt as if my senses were spinning in unison with that madly rotating figure. I stole a glance at McCann. He was watching with pent breath, a glitter in his eyes, a half smile on his mouth—bewitched.

He caught my look, switched his eyes off for a second. "Nice cup o' tea!"

McCann's expression for unutterable female beauty.

The Arab at our table was one of the few who had not risen. Instead, there was a menacing light in his eyes. He glared. One hand was buried in his burnoose, doubtless playing about a knife hilt. Why?

"This Zita," I queried—"who is she?"

He jumped as if shot, snarled, spat. The girl flew on. Men cried out to her—in sums from a thousand francs upward. McCann joined the bidding throng. He *must* have been bewitched. But she ignored them. She was absorbed in the dance.

"Who is she?" I repeated.

"The curses of Allah on her! She is Raisale's woman! His spy! The real leader of his army!"

McCann, I saw, had at last attracted the girl's attention, perhaps because of the European inflection of his voice. She smiled in his direction. A moment later she began to circle the room, drawing gradually nearer to our table. Men were staring now, scowling, gesticulating, pointing menacingly. She was spinning nearer—nearer. McCann was now crying out to her, openly beckoning, fatuously ignorant of the changed attitude of the mob about us.

"Stop fooling, Mac!"

"Oh, boy! Isn't she a nice piece of work?"

"There'll be some dirty work if you don't quit fooling! Listen! She's Raisale's woman—"

"A traitress to Abd-el-Krim's cause!" whispered the Arab theatrically. "Be advised by your friend!"

"Say! What's biting you guys? Ain't we going to have no fun?"

There was no stopping McCann once he had got on the trail of a woman. He threw all sense of caution to the winds. He cared not a hoot for a couple of hundred natives. The "nice cup o' tea" had smiled upon him and that was all there was to it.

The next thing was a knife hissing through the air. It stuck into the center of our table. McCann grabbed at the hilt of it, flung it back with a yell. In another moment a score of knives were flashing. Men were shouting, tables were crashing. I saw McCann make a dash toward the girl.

SOME one flung a bottle at the lamp overhead. We were now in semidarkness. Thereafter a mad scramble, women screaming, men cursing. A knife grazed my leg and I went down to seize the hand that held it. It was a woman's hand. I got a nauseating whiff of cheap scent, but had no difficulty in securing the knife.

I called to McCann and made for the door. But it was not so easy as that. The exit was wedged with a struggling mass of men and women, all yelling and fighting. A shot rang out. I ducked. That would be a patrol, I thought, and remained seated on the floor in comparative safety to await developments.

They came quickly enough. A lamp appeared and with it the patrol in charge of a corporal. I got to my feet as order was restored, and looked around for my friend. He had gone. So had Zita. I came upon the Arab spy with a knife in his neck. He was dead.

"What does this mean, monsieur? You killed him, eh? You must come with me!"

I thrust my identity card under the corporal's nose. His demeanor changed suddenly. His truculence melted away. He almost cringed, if a Legion N. C. O. can ever be said to cringe.

"Now find me a couple of men. My friend has disappeared and I intend to search every room in the building. Meanwhile, look after that Arab. He is an agent and may have some valuable papers in his possession."

Whereupon I collected a couple of Legionnaires and with their aid proceeded to rake the building from top to bottom. Our searching proved fruitless. McCann was gone indeed!

I went back to the corporal and interrogated him regarding Zita. He was hopeless. If she were not in the building, he knew not where she could be found. By this time he had rounded up a dozen prisoners, two of whom were detailed to carry the dead spy. I followed them to the *salle de police*.

There, on presenting my credentials to the sergeant in charge, I was able to make a thorough search of the



native agent's clothing. He was well supplied with cash, and we found what proved to be, on interpretation, a record of his activities among both the French and Raisale's men. When I presented this material to the major he actually congratulated me on a good night's work! The Arab's papers were a veritable mine of information regarding Raisale's forces. They also gave the whereabouts of his secret residence, which he used whenever he made a flying visit to Fez.

"And that is where you will find this dancing girl Zita. Possibly McCann has made himself at home there already, and is waiting for you to join him. Well? What the devil are you hesitating about? Isn't this the opportunity for both of you to join Raisale?"

Of course! But as I wended my way through the Arab quarter I thought over the disturbing possibility that McCann had been knocked out and carried off to the Sultan for interrogation as a spy. Not a French spy, but a spy of Abd-el-Krim, since the girl had seen us in converse with the Arab who had been knifed.

Perhaps at this moment they were "persuading" McCann to talk!

I reached the dwelling indicated in the dead spy's notes. It must then have been about two in the morning. The neighborhood was as black as pitch. The building was surrounded by a courtyard, and not a light showed anywhere. The wall was about eight feet high and surmounted by iron spikes. I slipped off my waist belt and secured it on the sharp points, pulled myself up, and dropped softly into the yard.

A FAINT pencil of light showed between the shutters of a window. I trod softly across the courtyard to investigate. The shutters were old and loosely hung. In my excitement I tore one completely from its hinges. There was a sudden scream. I leaped to the flat sill, put my foot through the window, and stumbled into the room.

Zita the dancing girl had jumped up on hearing the crash. With her was a black-bearded Arab, a fat, flabby fellow in a rich black aba of camel's hair. I never saw any one look more astonished. His great bearded jaw had dropped, exposing a mouth of decayed teeth. Neither spoke. Their eyes were drawn to the ugly snout of the Mauser pistol in my hand. Mine were on the figure of a white man, stripped to the waist, face to the wall, with his arms stretched high above his head and fastened by cord to the ceiling.

"Well, what d'you think of your nice cup o' tea now?"

"Barrington! Hey, cut this string, you big sap! For the love of Mike, don't stand there lecturing!"

I motioned the man and the girl aside and, still cover-



ing them with the gun; severed the cord. McCann swung round, rubbing vigorously at his numbed arms.

"Well, boy, that big hunka tripe over there was just about to get busy when you popped in."

"Yes," said I, "and what about the cup o' tea?"

"Aw, forget it! She's been arguing with that big boob for the past hour. If it hadn't been for that li'l' girl I'd be looking like a hamburg steak by now. He wanted to play tit-tat-too with his knife on my back. The reason why he didn't is Zita! Get me?"

"Didn't you explain that we wished to join Raisale?"

"Sure! That's Raisale himself!"

"All right. Get your clobber on and we'll talk."

It appeared that McCann had been effectively stunned during the riot at the Pit and he remembered no more until he awoke in the house of Raisale, where he found himself in the care of a couple of coal-black Nubians. They had stripped him of coat and shirt and tied him up. Then Raisale had dismissed them. The girl had appeared. The two had questioned him regarding our supposed activities for Abd-el-Krim. They informed him that both the Arab and I had been accounted for, and they had decided to give him the torture known as "a thousand cuts" unless he would talk.

His insistence that he knew nothing of Krim's activities, and that we had met the Arab spy only by accident, at last convinced Zita, especially when he reiterated his wish to join up with Raisale. But the Sultan was another proposition altogether. Truly, as McCann said, it was Zita who had saved him from the torture.

She now smilingly admitted that she had tried to kill me in that mad scramble in the Pit, but that when I had gained the upper hand she had quickly left the scene of operations in the hope that one of her "bodyguard" would succeed where she had failed. The idea, it appeared, was to put the Arab and myself out of the reckoning and secure McCann for further attention.

Even with Zita on our side, we found our task of convincing the cunning Raisale long and laborious. The very mention of Krim's name was sufficient to throw him into a foaming hysteria. Nevertheless we succeeded at long last. The old man suddenly threw all arguments aside and called for refreshments. A score or so of the Sultan's officers appeared and we were introduced to them with great formality.

There followed an hour or so of highly informative discussion. We left that room as dawn was breaking over the city of Fez. We were happy, full of wine and



fine sentiment. All the same, we did not make for the barracks. Despite the wine fumes we could reason sufficiently to avoid that false step. We sought a room in a modest hotel. It had been arranged that we should join Raisale and his staff at dusk and accompany them to his secret stronghold somewhere in the district of Ain-Sefra. There we should see that his threat to sweep the French out of Africa was no empty one. Zita, too, was to journey to Ain-Sefra!

AT the moment we required nothing so much as a bed and a few hours' sleep. We tumbled out of bed again at four in the afternoon and assumed our Arabian garb. In this guise we called on Major Beauregarde. He was not exactly overjoyed to see us, and was rather inclined to treat us as a couple of fantastic liars—until we told of our transfer to the army of Raisale. Then he became very amused. He warned us that the Sultan was a wily rascal. Clever as he was, he did not know that the secret of Raisale's power lay entirely in the keeping of Zita's

She was spinning nearer—nearer. The next thing was a knife hissing through the air. It stuck into the center of our table. McCann grabbed at the hilt of it.

ILLUSTRATION BY
RAY DEAN

little hands. We did not enlighten him. Another thing he did not know was that Zita was not an Arabian. She was half Turkish and half English.

We reached the rendezvous without mishap and found the mounted detachment already assembled. Raisale himself rode forward and greeted us, indicating two Arab stallions which we were to use. I walked over to one of them and was reaching for the stirrup when the Sultan barked! I stared. He dismounted and led me from the left to the right side of the animal, warning me never to mount like a *roumi* (white man) again. Whereas we mount always from the left, the Arabians mount their horses and camels from the right.

That night ride was a strange experience. We rode at the head of the detachment with Raisale and Zita. Behind came the fifty picked men of the Sultan's bodyguard, every one of them heavily armed beneath his burnoose, though to all outward appearances we were peaceful Arab merchants.

Soon we had left the ancient city behind and were

following a path over the scented hills which surround Fez. The moon came up like honey, shedding a weird radiance over the numerous ruined buildings. We rode in silence. The world about us was deathly still, the only sound a steady crunch of hoofs in sand. It went on like that hour after hour.

As from afar off, murmurings came to me. Zita and McCann were riding close. They were not a half-breed beauty and an American any more. He was a Prince of Mecca and she the first love of his harem. And the setting of their idyl was perfect.

"Shan!"

I turned, startled at hearing that curious pronunciation of my Christian name, John.

Zita and McCann, saddle to saddle, were riding behind.

"Who speaks my name?" I demanded.

"Meccan told me. Shan!"

"McCann has a loose tongue—like a woman!"

"Tcha!" mocked the girl. "There are other things in life besides a good horse!"

MCCANN laughed. The Sultan smiled in his beard.

What he thought of McCann's prowess I could not imagine. His outward demeanor was merely one of quiet amusement.

"Tomorrow night," said Zita, "Meccan and I ride two on a camel."

"How long to Ain-Sefra?" I queried.

"Three nights," she answered.

"Oh, boy!" chuckled McCann.

The plan, I learned, was to camp during the heat of the day and travel by night.

The hours passed, sometimes in fitful talk, mainly in perfect quietude. There came the foreglow that heralds the dawn. Soon we were basking in a crimson world of light, and presently we entered a defile in the mountains which offered ample shade for our encampment. The Sultan called a halt. We spread our blankets, ate a meal of bread, appetizing goat's meat, and fruit, and then settled down for a long siesta. I, for one, slept seven solid hours. We were in the saddle again before the sun had turned from golden heat to red glow. Then came another night of beauty.

The next day found us in the desert town of Aulef. The populace gave us a rousing reception. We were taken into the houses of the headmen and feasted as if we were a returning victorious army.

We left that town in late afternoon, filled with food and good wine—despite which I was sufficiently wide awake to appreciate the powerful and strategic position of the Sultan's stronghold when we reached it. It was the most amazing place—a valley with natural fortifications of rock on every side, a valley big enough to hold a hundred thousand men with guns, horses, transport. It was secret in that the entrance was hardly wide enough to admit three riders abreast, and was therefore easily camouflaged.

After passing through that mysterious gate the broken pathway suddenly widened into the great expanse of the valley. Beyond, towering in a side cleft of the mountain face, was the Sultan's home, a great castle built in the rock façade, tier upon tier, formidably fortified with a thousand embrasures. Below it, as we approached, native troops were lined up to welcome their leader. A great roar, half chant, half cheer, burst upon the valley from sixty thousand throats.

The Sultan smiled and raised his arm in characteristic salaam. Zita stood up in the saddle and waved. The cry was taken up: "Zita! Zita! Zita!" A vast concourse of savage-looking warriors crowded the sides of the road leading to the first terrace on the hillside.

We dismounted and were led through tiers of magnificent halls carved and pillared in the rock face, until we came to the audience chamber and the Sultan's own palatial rooms. Here were received the chieftains of Raisale's tribes. We all sat down to a repast.

"Boy!" breathed McCann. "Wouldn't the major like to get a line on this outfit, huh?"

I looked round at the assembled guests, fascinated by the flashing of the whites of their velvet-black eyes. If these men could guess that McCann and I were here at



the bidding of Major Beauregarde—God! What a death we should face!

Presently we accompanied some of the headmen on a visit of inspection through this labyrinthine stronghold. Ascending to the topmost terrace, we looked down upon the expansive valley, upon encampments of troops, fields and orchards, a veritable city. There could not be a more impressive sight. We lay in the shade of the veranda, resting, gazing down upon the throngs of people.

And then the bombshell. I felt a sudden kick on the shin from McCann and looked up. My eyes met those of Turan Shah! Turan Shah, the Riffian spy whom we had attempted to capture for the French in Sus! He stood there contemplating us, the light of recognition in his eyes, a half smile on his handsome brown face. He raised his hand, drew a forefinger across his throat in a horribly significant gesture, then laughed.

I could only stare. McCann sat up, lit a cigarette with a perfectly steady hand, and said:

"And now what?"

OUT of the corner of my eye I saw Zita approaching. I realized suddenly that when we had last met Turan Shah he had been an agent for Abd-el-Krim! This was the moment to act. I turned to Zita as she came up.

"This man, Turan Shah, is an agent for Abd-el-Krim. Meccan and I met him while we were traveling through Sus. He wished us to give our allegiance to Abd-el-Krim! He is here to spy on the Sultan el-Raisale!"

By this time a number of the chiefs had gathered round. We had all got to our feet. Turan Shah continued to smile. I felt as if I were standing on the edge of a volcano.

"Zita!" cried Mac. "Why don't you have this man taken before the Sultan and see what he has to say?"

She rapped out an order to one of the chiefs and half a dozen of the guards were brought up. As they were about to seize Turan Shah he raised his hand in an insolent gesture.

"These two men are infidels—spies of the French!" he cried in his excellent English and in Arabic.

"He's just showing off," grinned McCann.

I thought my friend's admirable coolness was due to the fact that he knew exactly where he stood with Zita. And I was right. But Turan Shah's announcement had caused an angry snarling among the group of chieftains. They were giving McCann and me uncommonly nasty looks.

"He lies?" queried Zita.

"He certainly does."

The upshot was that we all sought an audience with the

Sultan. He was in his own chamber, about to settle down to his afternoon siesta. We repeated our charge against Turan Shah, and he repeated his against us.

"It is true that I was once an agent for Abd-el-Krim," said the wily Turan Shah. "But that is long ago. Now I owe allegiance to no man except the great and illustrious Sultan el-Raisale." And a lot more in the same strain.

"And these men whom I have taken to my bosom, who have eaten of my meat!" thundered the old man. "Do you say they are spies for the French infidels?"

"It is true! I swear it! These English-speaking infidels I met in a wine shop in Sus and there engaged them in conversation. They told me what they have told you, O Sultan, that they were nothing more than travelers passing through our country. They promised to join me the next night. I bade them good-by, but instead of going my way I followed them and saw that they went to the barracks of the French Legion. I do not doubt that they reported there all that I had said to them. One is American and the other English. They are infidels and friends of the French infidels. Is this not so, O Sultan el-Raisale?"

THE rascal finished with the light of victory in his eyes. He had, however, reckoned without McCann.

"It is true, O Sultan," said that infidel serenely, "that we drank the good wine with Turan Shah in the wine shop of Sus. It is true that we held council with him, saying that we wished to join the forces of the Moslems against the French. It is also true that we visited the barracks of the French. Why not, huh? We are traveling through your country, free men, desirous only of seeking adventure. Would we seek it with the French Foreign Legion? We are free men, not dogs to be flogged! We visited the barracks to see for ourselves how those poor soldiers lived. We wished to know what the French were doing. Did we not come to you, O Sultan, with this knowledge? This man, Turan Shah, lies. Is this not so, O Sultan el-Raisale?"

In spite of our grave predicament I could have laughed outright at his oration and especially at his big solemn jowl. I looked at Zita. She was smiling, sending him messages of sweet confidence with her eyes. Raisale, however, was altogether different. There was nothing friendly in his expression. Clearly, he doubted that story.

"What my friend says is true, O Sultan," said I. "It is true that we talked to this Turan Shah, but he told us he was an agent for Abd-el-Krim, and offered us much money, fine horses, and beautiful women if we would

journey with him to the army of his leader. We knew not this leader. We had heard of the valor and bravery of the great Sultan el-Raisale, but never of this new leader, Abd-el-Krim. Thus it was that when we paid our visit to the barracks of the French Legion we sought news of him, but little was known. Therefore we did not go with Turan Shah to his master, Abd-el-Krim. Is it not so, O Sultan el-Raisale?"

But the Sultan's face was stern. He was being asked to take the word of infidels against that of a Moslem. We went on, hour after hour, each of us repeating and repeating our statements. McCann and I were so much in earnest that we almost came to believe what we were saying. It was Zita who marked this.

"They speak the truth, lord! They speak the truth to the glory of Allah! They are my friends. Why should they lie, O Sultan?"

"Commit them all to the dungeons so that you may meditate upon these things at leisure."

The advice was given by a gray-bearded warrior. A look of relief came into the Sultan's face. He could hardly be accused of injustice if he committed all three of us to prison while he took counsel on the matter.

Thus it was that as the sun was setting we were taken by the guards to the grim dungeons cut into the rock of that mountain side. Deep down in the castle we came upon the gruesome spectacle of tortured and emaciated prisoners, some of whom would never see the light of day again. It was not exactly a heartening picture. But Zita had whispered that she would come down to us, and so we were not worrying a great deal.

Turan Shah had disappeared with a couple of guards, and presently we were in a large cell. It was infinitely better than some we had seen on our way down.

"Well, I guess this is better than having your toenails and teeth extracted, huh?"

"Plenty of time for that yet."

"Not on your sweet life, boy! I know my little Zita. Quit the sob stuff! We'll be fighting alongside those guys up there before we're through."

There came a rattle at the door and Zita entered, accompanied by a servant who carried a table on which were spread wine, bread, meat, and cigarettes. She seated herself and bade us eat. There was nothing of despair in her attitude.

"The Sultan has gone to his couch. Tomorrow he will be happy. Tomorrow you will leave this terrible dungeon and return to the castle heights. You will be training Raisale's men in the use of automatic guns—yes?"

It looked simple enough in the light of her smile.

"And Turan Shah?"

"Tcha! Turan Shah is a man of many lies and a traitor. And so I told the Sultan! His tongue shall be cut from his mouth so that he lies no more!" She stamped her little foot. "I, Zita, will use the knife!"

I LOOKED at McCann's raised eyebrows. For my part, he was entirely welcome to this ferocious little devil.

"The safest way is to bump him off, I guess."

"Bumpimoff?"

"Sure! Kill him?"

"But why keel? If he has no tongue he cannot talk. He can only listen when you talk. It is more amusing!"

The door was thrust open and in came Turan Shah himself accompanied by two guards. We jumped to our feet. He was about the last person we expected to see at that moment. He began at once to speak in rapid Arabic, addressing himself to Zita. We gathered that he had had an audience with the Sultan, that he was now free, and that "the two French spies" were to be handed over to the women in the valley for unspeakably hideous attention.

A last-stand fight for life at the edge of the desert—six men and a girl, armed only with pistols, holding off score upon score of sinister "creeping mounds of sand"! That's one of the breath-taking episodes in next week's installment of *Hell Hounds at Bay Again*. Another one develops when *Legionnaire 1384* is compelled, under the eye of Turan Shah, to drill Arab machine gunners who will presently be mowing down his fellow *Hell Hounds*!



A Little Excitement

*A Sparkling Story of Moonlight and Summer Romance—
of Sweet Sixteen and (Believe It or Not) a Sea Serpent!*

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

IF there's anything deader than a summer resort before the season opens, I wouldn't know what it is. The country club was still shuttered. Along the shore the houses still wore their winter blinders, and the roads positively echoed with emptiness.

I was reclining in a state of stupor in the hammock on the porch of the Inn when the sound of traffic made me leap to my feet, and there was a hay wagon driven by a nodding lad of some seventy-three years, which was the average age and sex appeal of the men around the Cove. I've always been partial to hay wagons for wishing.

"Oh, hay wagon," I murmured, "I want a little excitement! Please, hay wagon," I apostrophized, "give us some action—and some new men!" And I closed my eyes.

"Hazit, Sweetness and Light?" asked a too, too familiar voice by my ear.

If there's anything a girl can get sicker of than just one boy without any other girls to take him away from, I don't want to find out what it is.

The lone male of Charity Cove was named Bob Dunlop.

"You're so much nicer when you're swimming, Bob, with your mouth full of ocean," I moaned. "Shall we go frighten the fishes?"

I went up to my room

and put on my bathing suit. I could remember, as in a far-away dream, thinking how this suit was going to panic 'em when I bought it. It's coral color, with a little goldfish for a belt buckle and the most devastating cap of gold scales. And here I might as well be wearing one of those prehistoric black ones trimmed with white braid, for all the competition!

The reason mother and I were at the Inn was not because we'd committed a crime or anything, but because our summer place, which is on an island about a mile off the Cove and really too priceless, was being painted and what not. Andy and Ted, my two elder brothers, had





by **PHYLLIS
DUGANNE**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
T. O. SKIDMORE

It gave a terrible splash and started straight for the Cove. I've never seen people run so fast in my life. I haven't a memory of how I reached the Inn.

foully deserted us in our hour of need and driven out to a dude ranch in Wyoming. Father was still in New York. But the Ground Hog, who is the bane of my existence and mother's baby, born to my everlasting sorrow on Candlemas Day thirteen unlucky years ago, was right with us.

As I came out on the porch, Bob grabbed me.

"Hold everything, Dody, and prepare for a shock!" he said.

"A ship has seen our signals!" I cried. "Rescue at last!" I dropped to my knees and bowed my head to the floor.

Bob kicked me and I looked up. From the doorway of the Inn a boy was staring at me as if he thought I was crazy.

Bob held out his hand to the boy. "My name's Dunlop. The unfortunate case at your feet is Miss Dorothea Farnsworth. Her parents have done everything, spared no expense, but the specialists say it's hopeless. Why—"

I got up gracefully as I could and turned on my most devastating smile. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Prince," he corrected me. "Alan Prince. I just arrived."

"You're telling me?" I demanded. "Why, Mr. Prince, every time a new mosquito arrives in Charity Cove we meet him with a band!"

"I was told," Mr. Prince said, "that this was a very quiet place. You see, I'm studying marine life. I want to set up a small laboratory—"

I let him rave on. My eyes, which I have been told by experts are amber-colored, glowed with interest as I attentively did not listen to a word he was saying.

"Why don't you put on your suit and let us show you the beach now?" I suggested when he finally shut up.

"Well, *you* say! What is it?" Bob asked after Mr. Prince had obediently trotted off.

I looked reflective. "It isn't bad-looking. Given the proper direction, it might be—well, at least a change!" I murmured. "You have a kind face, Bob, but honestly I know it by heart!"

Bob gave a mean look and my heart soared. My favorite figure in geometry—and life—is the triangle. Two points can't produce anything more exciting than a straight and narrow line, but make another dot and you begin to get action!

THE beach—the Cove proper—is only about a hundred yards from the Inn, and you can see our island and the red roofs of our house across the water. Bishops' Shoals is a submerged ledge of rocks that stretches from the western tip of our island to the mainland. Except for the Cove, the coast is rocky, like most of Maine, and really sweet, with little black cedars growing to the water's edge and the bright-green slopes of the golf links sweeping away from the shore to the south.

Alan was just smitten with it. "What a place for study!" he cried delightedly.

"You might learn practically anything," I told him, and Bob gave me another arsenic glance.

I tucked my hair—which people have not called red for some time now—under the little fish-scale cap and adjusted my buckle, and I could see that while feminine garments may not come under the head of science, still our young scientist was not unaware of the ensemble.

We swam around a while. Bob, of course, is practically a champion swimmer, winning meets and what not since he was eight, and the Lord knows I'd had plenty of practice in these past dreary weeks, but Alan wasn't so bad.

Finally we came out and sat on the sand, and I shook out my hair and gazed at Alan.

"What's that out there?" Alan demanded suddenly.

We followed his gaze to the buoy that marks the one passable channel across the shoals.

"It's a marker," said Bob. "What did you think it was—a sea serpent?"

"Wouldn't it be marvelous if it were!" Alan came back, and Bob turned and looked at him.

"I wonder what we'd do," I murmured dreamily, "if one suddenly reared up in the water and slithered toward us?"

"Me, I'd take a dose of bromides," said Bob promptly. "And then where would it be?"

I glared at him. "What would you do?" I asked Alan.

He looked at me gravely. "I presume it would be my scientific duty to try to capture the creature," he replied.

BOB let out a whoop. "You'd better not go out around here without some rope and a couple of hooks," he said. "Just think how humiliated you'd feel if one got away from you!"

"Oh, pipe down," I told him. "You're not so funny." I turned to Alan. "How do you mean about setting up a laboratory?" I asked. "There's an old fish house down the shore that maybe you could use."

He was immediately interested, so I suggested that we walk up there together after supper.

"I thought you were going to the movies with me!" said Bob.

"Did you?" I murmured dis-



From the doorway of the Inn a boy was staring at me as if he thought I was crazy.

interestedly, and picked up my bathing cap and started back toward the Inn.

It was quite exhilarating having some one new to dress for, even a scientist. I selected a green-and-white plaid organdie with crisscrossing black hair lines, that I had bought for the lovely swishing sound it made when I walked. I put six thin green bracelets on one arm and six thin black bracelets on the other, and the noise I made was positively irresistible.

Mother came in while I was fussing with my back hair and said:

"Oh, yes, there is a new young man, isn't there? Did you know that the Grants were arriving in the morning?"

I nearly swallowed a bobby pin. Not that the Grants, plural, mean so much in my life, though Polly Grant is an awfully good kid, but—

"Tiny with them?" I inquired in a voice that positively shook with casualness.

"Why, I imagine so," responded my parent.

I closed my eyes. Tiny arriving in the morning! I don't believe even yet I could describe Tiny Grant. I mean I can say that he's over six feet tall, with the most divine eyes and nose and mouth and hair. At football games last fall I used to practically swoon when he came out on the field—which, in spite of his spending his summers at Charity Cove, (Continued on page nineteen)

*There's a
delicious meal
in this real
old-fashioned
vegetable soup!*

When the man comes in with that "I-want-real-food" look on his face. Or the children with those seemingly endless appetites. Or when you yourself are famished after an especially taxing morning's work about the house.

There's nothing better at such hungry moments than Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup. For its extra substantial goodness is equal to any appetite, no matter how eager.

Here is the old-fashioned vegetable soup that should be in every house, ready for instant use. Laden with delicious vegetables, cooked in rich, invigorating beef broth, and generously supplied with tempting pieces of meat. A meal-in-itself — and so convenient!



21 kinds to
choose from . . .

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RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Soup
Is all I ask
To make me shine
At any task!



**Double rich!
Double strength!**

Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost.

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup

Take it from me, it's refreshing!

And take it from us (if you'll excuse us for saying so), Spud's grateful coolness is a happy find these sweltering days. Spuds cap the fragrance of old-fashioned tobaccos with a hint of an April breeze! *You'll like them!*



Spud's secret. It's menthol, but not menthol in the *smoke*. Spud's tiny bit of menthol does its work *in the cigarette*, by simply *cooling* the smoke. So Spud offers just pure tobacco goodness, *with the heat taken out*.

CORK TIP or PLAIN



SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

15^c FOR 20
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THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(Continued from page sixteen) was about as close as I'd ever got to him. I opened my eyes and looked intently at my reflection.

There was no question that the events of this past winter had left their mark. The difference between being fifteen and sixteen is really chaotic. My face was positively *dewy* with emotions, and then behind it, also reflected in the mirror, I saw the loathed form of the Ground Hog sliding through the door.

"At's a hot sketch arrived this afternoon," he announced.

"Do tell me your opinions!" I said scathingly. "I'm always so interested!"

"Looks like a sheep, don't he?" the little darling continued. "Ma, ain't I clean enough to eat like I am?"

My mother looked at him with actual affection and shook her head. "No; I'm sure you'd give us all indigestion," she told him, and they exchanged one of those coy glances that make me wonder sometimes if Mrs. Farnsworth isn't losing her grip on things.

Every one was at the table when we got down. Captain Penny looked up at me and said, "That's a tidy rig, Dody—quite a little school of bangles you got there!" Even captain, I realized with a thrill, noticed my looks this summer! Then Mrs. Penny came in with a big tureen of chowder, and we all set to.

Now that my whole being was taken up with Tiny's arriving, I naturally wasn't very interested in Alan; but still, I thought, a girl never knows when any man may come in handy, and besides it's good for Bob to be stood up every now and then. And if Tiny were to sense a little jealousy between these two, even young as they were, it wouldn't do anybody woeful harm.

So as soon as supper was over the young scientist and I slipped away Out Into the Night, which was a pretty satisfactory one, with a little sliver of a new moon and the water making nice sounds among the rocks. We sat down on the sand and managed to find this-a and that-a to talk about until nearly midnight.

Bob rose like an indignant parent from the hammock and glared at us when we returned to the Inn.

"Ah—improving your mind, I see," I murmured as a movie magazine slid to the floor.

"I don't suppose you've been wasting any time yourself!" he retorted. "See any sea serpents, Prince?"

"I wasn't looking," said Alan; which was pretty good for him, if intentional.

I laughed a tinkling laugh in the night, and made my exit with a really superb sound effect—the taffeta slip swishing under the organdie and all the bracelets tinkling. I do enjoy seeing a boy jealous!

Polly Grant's flivver removed the further gatepost of the Inn shortly after breakfast, and we shut ourselves up in my room to go over the high spots of our respective winters. I inquired into Tiny's health, and she asked me over for lunch, to see for myself.

I SCARCELY ate a mouthful, although it was waffles, which I adore. Tiny looked at me and said, "Well, what a big girl you're getting to be!" And if I hadn't felt faint at the sound of his voice I'd have resented his words more.

"I'm like the circus," I told him. "Bigger and better every year."

He grinned. "I'll keep my eye on you," he said.

"All three rings at once?" I came back.

The door burst open and in came the Ground Hog, smiling from one ear to the other. "Hi, Tiny! Howsa boy?"

Tiny, who is too big to be a Boy Scout and far too bright to like the Ground Hog from anything but a desire to be kind, proceeded to wham him on the shoulders and ask, "What's new, Billy?" which is the Ground Hog's real name. And before my stricken eyes they went out together!

At supper Alan was all full of plans about his laboratory and Bob was giving an imitation of not knowing I was there.

Mother wanted to call on Mrs. Grant, so I changed my dress and drove her over there that evening. And Tiny sat in a corner and actually read a book, while I felt more and more desperate. I mean a girl can't shout, "Look at me, you idiot—I'm really considered quite attractive!" I prattled on to Polly, but my wit was lost on desert air; Tiny never even looked up once to see what she was laughing at.

The next day Alan shut himself up in his lab, and Bob, apparently thinking he was teaching me a lesson, the sap, was very conspicuous by his absence. I set my hair and put a little allure on the finger nails and tried to *will* Tiny to come around. I knew that if he'd only give me a chance I was the girl who could make good. But he didn't come.

Bob appeared just before supper, looking mysterious, and I was feeling so low that I was actually glad to see him.

"What about a movie?" I suggested, thinking that maybe Tiny'd be there and we could all get a cone or something afterward.

"What about one?" Bob came back.

WELL, was my face red! I tried to work up a little interest in Alan. But the sight of Tiny had certainly ruined that, so I picked out a good book and settled down in the parlor. It was hot inside, and after a while I went out on the porch. The night was very quiet, and I don't know how long I'd been sitting there when suddenly Alan came tearing up the path from the beach, his hair literally on end and his eyes starting out of his head.

"Dody, I've seen one! I swear it! It was only about fifty yards offshore! It—"

"Seen what?" I asked disgustedly.

He waved his arms. "A sea serpent! It raised its head out of the water—"

"All right," I murmured soothingly. "Let's go back and see if I can see it." And we went down the path and walked up the beach.

"It was right over there!" he insisted, pointing toward Bishops' Shoals. "It turned about and submerged—"

I screamed and grabbed Alan's arm, and everything I'd ever heard about your hair standing on end and your knees shaking is the literal truth.

A great slimy-looking neck slid up from the surface of the water and slithered around as if it was looking for something and then disappeared! We stood there trembling, not saying a word, staring at the water for what seemed hours; but it didn't come back.

"Well!" I said weakly, and practically fell down on the sand. "Do they come on dry land?" I asked suddenly.

"I don't know," said Alan. He sat down too, but we both kept our eyes on the bay. "We must let people know about this at once!" he declared. "I must telephone Professor Wynant in the morning. If it only remains here!"

"Maybe it was something we both ate," I said.

"Dody Farnsworth, if you let me down I'll—I'll—" He looked really desperate. "Why, this will make us famous!"

"Yeah," I agreed gloomily.

What a spot for a young girl to find herself in! I knew that no one would believe us in a million years—and yet Alan was perfectly justified in calling me practically anything if I stood him up.

"Let's wait a few days and see if it comes back," I suggested. "Maybe somebody else'll see it."

Well, we argued and watched for hours, and finally I gave in. As we walked back to the Inn, my footsteps lagging, I prayed that Bob would be in bed; but he wasn't.

"You know so much!" Alan said loftily. "I'd like you to be the first to know that Dody and I have just seen a sea serpent—which you were so sure did not exist!"

"Oh, yeah?" said Bob.

"Yes!" said Alan. "Didn't we, Dody?" he demanded.

"Yes, we did!" I snapped, cornered, and Bob gave me one incredulous look. "Oh, I didn't expect any one would believe it!" I cried. "Especially you! But if my word of honor is worth anything—"

I fled from Mr. Dunlop's raucous laughter.



PHYLLIS
DUGANNE

could not very well have been anything but a writer as she was brought up in a literary atmosphere by Inez Haynes Irwin and Will Irwin. From them she acquired a thorough training in writing; a successful novel and many short stories being already products of her pen.



He sat down on the side steps. "Monkey," he said, "you had me fooled all along."

I tossed and turned all night long, and came down to breakfast feeling more than somewhat like Joan of Arc on her way to the bonfire. Bob was practically a pillar of faith compared to my darling little brother. He gave me one look and began choking over his cocoa in the most disgusting manner.

"Wait'll I tell Tiny you seen a sea serpen'!" he croaked.

Tiny! If I'd thought of him in time I'd have denied every word of it. I could see Tiny's eyes laughing at me.

Alan tore off to his laboratory, accompanied by my fervent wishes that he'd at least break a leg; and I skulked back to my room and was sitting by the window,

alone with my thoughts, when mother popped in, in her bathing suit, and said, "Want to go for a swim?"

Mother had that look as if she thought I was coming down with something. Nothing could have induced me to go into that water; but I finally put on my suit and started down to the beach with her—and of course there were Tiny and the Ground Hog.

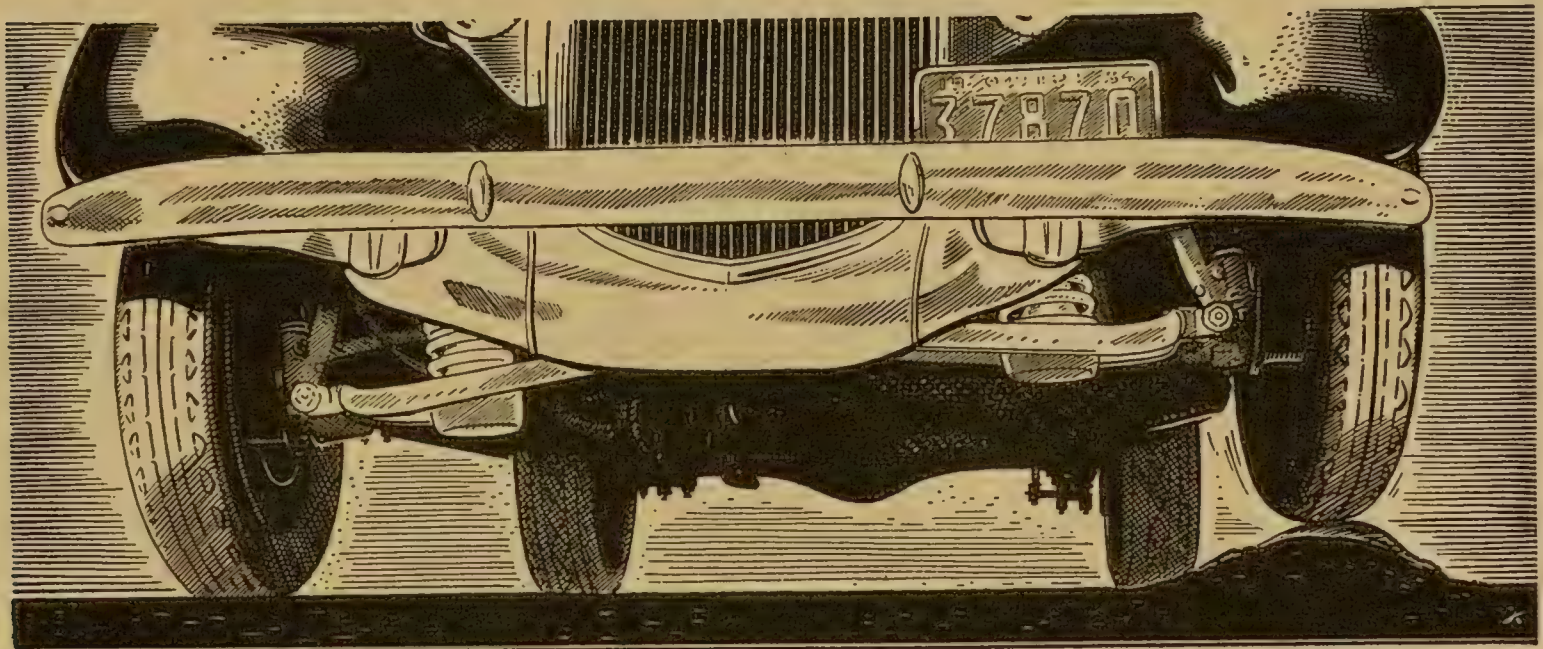
Tiny came toward me, a great Greek god, in the snappiest bathing suit.

"Miss Farnsworth, I am from the Boston How-About It," he announced. "Will you tell me, in your own words, of your encounter with the—er—plesiosaurus?"

"Under the terms (Continued on page twenty-two)

TAKE A BACK-SEAT RIDE ON A ROUGH ROAD

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(Continued from page twenty) of my contract with the lecture bureau," I came back, "I'm rather afraid—"

He grinned. "Confidentially, then," he pleaded.

I sat down on the sand, and Tiny sat down beside me. Mother was already in the water, but in this moment of my life I couldn't worry about a mere parent.

"Proceed," said Tiny.

I looked at him and was inspired. I'd just tell the truth. Certainly I couldn't invent a better story! My voice was low and thrilling as I described the events of the past evening. "And then," I said, my eyes widening and my voice hitting a new low for all time, "a head rose from the shimmering surface of the water. A long writhing neck undulated in the moonlight. We stood speechless, rooted to the spot—"

"Marvelous!" breathed Tiny. "Go on!"

I went on. "And that, children," I finished triumphantly, in one of those radio-frappé voices, "is how I met your grandfather!"

Tiny howled. "Perfect!" he applauded, gazing at me with genuine admiration. "What really happened, Dody?"

"But I've just *told* you!" I said reproachfully. "You can't doubt me, Tiny?"

It was thin ice all right, but it held—or at least it would have held if that unspeakable relative of mine hadn't come tearing down the beach shrieking, "I gotta clue, Tiny! I gotta clue!"

Tiny looked up at him. "So what, Philo Vance?" And the Ground Hog leaned over and sputtered in his ear. Tiny got up and smiled at me, and I couldn't tell what that smile meant. "Be seeing you," he murmured, and strode off in great magnificent strides. Murder would have been a mild outlet for my sisterly feelings.

After supper Alan asked me to go to the movies—what a break for me!—but somehow Alan had lost all charm for me, if any. Besides, it was a terrible picture I'd already seen three times, and anyway I had—well, call it a hope that just maybe Tiny might drift around. He didn't, so there I was, the little home girl sitting on the porch with the old folks, when all of a sudden there was a sound of some one rowing like mad drifting up from the Cove.

We could hear the splash of the oars and the creak of the oarlocks, and pretty soon we saw a dory racing for shore. A man jumped out and tore up the path, yelling at the top of his lungs, "Cap'n Penny! Cap'n Penny!"

I held everything. Captain said, "Evenin', Jed," in his soft voice, and the fisherman shouted, "By godfrey, I seen the critter! I seen it with my own eyes! Near to froze the gizzard out o' me! It r'ared up, down off the shoals, an' come straight at me! I was out to my pots t' git a mess o' lobster for Mis' Grant an'—"

Well! So that was Friday night. The next morning a reporter came down from Bangor and a couple of professors drove over from Bowdoin, and Alan and the fisherman and I answered a lot of questions, and practically everybody in Charity Cove—all two hundred of them—came down to the shore and gawked at the water.

ALAN had a theory—he was just full of theories and willing to tell anybody all of them—that the serpent only came out at night, and Saturday night the movie theater was practically empty because the whole audience was lined up along the beach. Of course nothing happened.

It got to be half past eleven, and a quarter to twelve, and suddenly Captain Penny yelled, "Jumpin' mackerel—thar she blows!"

There were about a dozen townspeople left, besides the two professors and the reporter and us, and every one of them saw it. The serpent was clearer than before on account of the moon being bigger and brighter. At first it just thrashed about by the shoals, but all of a sudden it gave a terrible splash and started straight for the Cove. I've never seen people run so fast in my life. I know I haven't a memory of how I reached the porch of the Inn. The Ground Hog had disappeared, and there was only Tiny, standing like Hercules in his white flannels, with a kind of come-on-serpent! look to his shoulders. But the serpent was gone. One of the professors was asking did any one notice a peculiar odor in the air, and every one was sniffing and looking quite foolish.

"Applesauce it smells like to me," said Tiny, joining us. "What do you say, Dody?"

I didn't know what to say, but I was willing to say anything that Tiny would like. "It seems to me there are a lot of people missing," I ventured.

Tiny looked at me with a funny glint in his eye. "That is a thought which has also occurred to me," he replied. "Shall we take a stroll up the beach?"

Sea serpent or not, that stroll sounded all right to me. But I'll admit I was surprised when two figures approaching us turned out to be Bob and Alan looking positively chummy.

"Dunlop saw it too!" Alan shouted at us. "What an experience! What a—"

"So you saw it too, Bob?" asked Tiny. "At the same time?"

"Why shouldn't he see it at the same time? Didn't you see it?"

Tiny looked thoughtful. "The scientific mind," he murmured, "should be open but not porous. You're quite sure, Prince, that Bob was with you?"

"Certainly I was," said Bob. "What of it?"

TINY shrugged and linked my arm through his, while I shivered with pleasure. "Maybe I'm wrong," he said cheerfully. "It happened once before. Did I ever tell you about the time I was wrong, Dody? It was long ago, when you were a little girl—"

I found my voice. "Oh, do tell me about it!" I breathed, looking up into his face, as we strolled off. I didn't hear a word he was saying. Moonlight—the water sloshing softly—and me and Tiny walking close together through the night.

He stopped at the steps of the Inn. "Pretty late for little girls to be up," he remarked.

If he had slapped my face it couldn't have hurt worse. I know he didn't see me cry—and I know, too, now, that I could take *anything* with a smile, because I smiled then. I kept right on smiling all the way upstairs, and I smiled while I locked my door. And then I just dived under the bedclothes without undressing and put the pillows over my head and sobbed.

Well! The next day was the big day for Charity Cove. The Boston papers came out with a story headed SEA SERPENT OR HOAX? and a plane arrived in the morning with a couple of newsreel photographers.

Ordinarily, of course, I'd have been thrilled. But somehow I couldn't get up any interest in anything. It all seemed so unimportant. Alan was as excited as if he'd invented the sea serpent.

"Oh, what *difference* does it make?" I asked him desperately, when he kept at me about how long I thought it was or something. "Who *cares*?" I cried and, to my horror, burst out crying in front of everybody.

Mother followed me upstairs. "Dody, what *is* the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, leave me *alone*!" I shrieked, and she did.

I lay there for ages, sobbing and wishing I was dead. Then I heard Tiny's voice on the porch, and I flew to the window and crouched, listening.

"Where's Dody?" he asked.

Long ago I learned that a really bright girl always keeps one divine new dress in reserve, there being nothing like a dress you've never worn before to give you that certain something when you need it. Determination shone in my eyes as I took my white organdie out of its cover and put it on. Miriam Hopkins in Jezebel looked positively masculine compared to what this dress did to me. I swayed down the stairs, fragile, ethereal—and came face to face with Bob Dunlop.

He gave me one look and then let out a whoop. "Take me, darling—I am yours!" he moaned.

"Oh, shut up!" I said, blushing.

He just leered at me. "I'm afraid you're beyond your depth this time, Dody," he went on. "These big football men can't be bothered with little girls your size!"

I know my face went as white as my ruffles. He was snickering, and again I wished for death.

I couldn't even look at Tiny. If he'd heard!

For once mother was tactful. She just patted the hammock beside her (Continued on page twenty-four)

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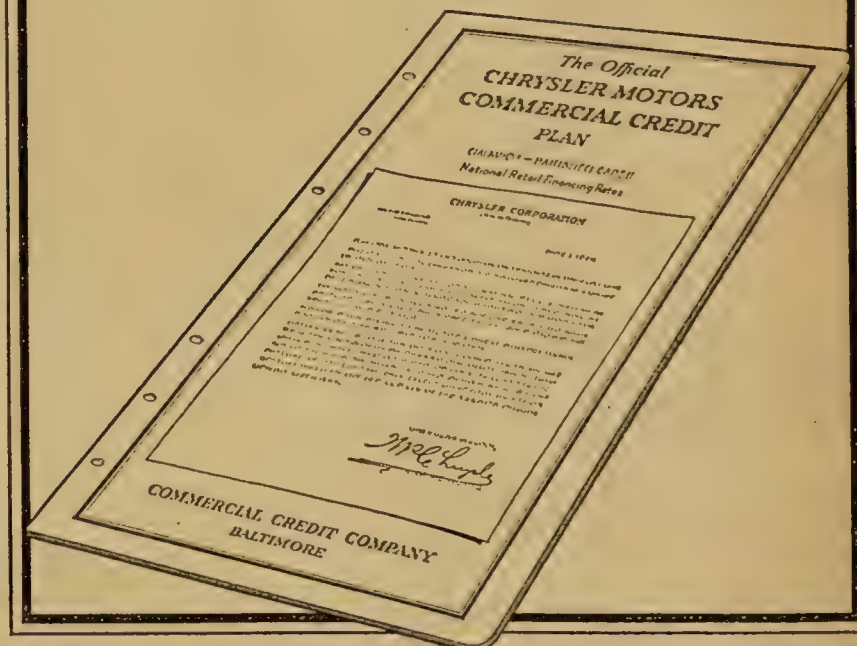
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(Continued from page twenty-two) and said, "Come on over here, Dody," and smiled at me so sweetly.

Along about ten o'clock Captain Penny walked down to the shore, and Tiny followed him.

"This is perfectly ridiculous!" mother said suddenly in a funny voice. "Dody, tell me the truth: is this a practical joke?"

I shook my head. "Honest, I don't know!"

People on the beach had made bonfires, and the red lights flickering over the sand made it eerie. The moon seemed to be out for keeps. But suddenly the clouds parted as if somebody had pushed them aside, and a woman screamed.

The serpent was there!

As we started down the path I saw something that turned my blood to ice.

Tiny and the Ground Hog were getting into Tiny's boat and the Ground Hog was starting the outboard motor!

I let out one shriek and tore down the beach.

"Tiny! Billy!" I yelled. "Don't!"

I mean, is that genuine emotion when I wanted to save even the Ground Hog?

Tiny looked up and laughed. "We'll bring you back a whisker, Beautiful!" he told me.

Alan had hold of my arm and he was trembling like a leaf. "Dody, I really think you'd better go back to the porch. I say, Grant, I wouldn't go out in that boat if I were you! I—"

"I bet you wouldn't!" Tiny retorted. "Out of the way!"

The next thing I knew, I was in the boat, with my new dress dripping salt water, and we were whizzing across the bay, with people shouting and yelling behind us. The Ground Hog was in the stern, steering, and Tiny was at the bow, leaning forward. I crawled toward him.

"He's turnin' back!" the Ground Hog screamed. "Aw, Tiny, I can't see!"

"KEEP her straight on, Billy!" Tiny called back. "I can!" His eyes were on the water, but he half turned and slid an arm around me, holding me up. "Ain't we got fun?" he asked.

Fun! I was never so scared in all my life—but I was glad I was there. We balanced, staring ahead into the dimness. And then the clouds slipped again, and there, just ahead of us, was the Thing!

"Cut the engine!" yelled Tiny. "Swing her around—"

At that instant it happened. I have a vague memory of our stopping exactly as if some one had yanked us back with a giant boat hook—afterward we found that the propeller had caught in a net, and of course in the darkness and excitement we hadn't seen the floats. Tiny pitched one way, and I pitched the other, hitting my head a crack on the edge of the boat as I went over . . .

I wouldn't know how long a time those three little dots—which are my

favorite punctuation, anyway—indicate. Everything was black and wet and I couldn't breathe; and, just like a slowed-up moving picture, I remember thinking that I must be drowning, and then a long while afterward realizing that I was under water with my mouth still wide open in a congealed yell. I shut my mouth and, still very slowly, came up and somehow floated.

THEN I heard Tiny's voice calling frantically, "Dody! For God's sake, Dody, where are you?"

"The serpen' got away," my loving brother muttered behind me.

"Dody!" Tiny's voice was so heartbreaking that I nearly sank from sheer happiness; and I really tried to answer, but I couldn't.

I suppose I must have smiled or forgotten where I was or something, because the next minute I was under water again, and it was exactly like when I had my tonsils out, with my mind going one way and my body the other and no way of getting them together. Then something lifted me and, still in this crazy helpless state, I sort of floated up to the air—and if I thought I'd been afraid in the boat I just hadn't known what fear was!

The serpent was all around me! Coils and coils of it, its horribly slimy neck wavering about my head. Half drowned or not, I got my voice then, and did I scream!

"Dody! Are you all right?" I opened one eye incredulously as I realized that the serpent was not only addressing me in very good English but also in the voice of Bob Dunlop.

"Dody!" Tiny slid his arm under me, his cheek close to mine. "Dody darling, speak to me!"

"How do you do?" I said—and I didn't mean to be funny. My head felt like nothing human.

"I knew it was you all along, Bob Dunlop!" the Ground Hog, treading water beside us, was saying. "Thought you were smart, didn' ya? I found th' bic'cle pump the first day!"

"Decent of you to come back, Bob," Tiny said, and his voice was shaking. "If you hadn't—I thought Dody was gone!"

"Hey! Here comes a boat!" yelled the Ground Hog.

"Is she really all right?" Bob asked anxiously.

All right? With my head resting on Tiny's shoulder I smiled.

"I've got her," said Tiny, and suddenly he smiled too. "Scram, you snake!" he ordered. "It's too good to spoil. But save that outfit so that I can have a good look before you destroy the evidence!"

There was a wet flash of strings being pulled, and suddenly the serpent—and Bob—disappeared under water.

"Yah! Dody bit, didn' ya?" the Ground Hog was jeering.

"You shut up, Billy!" said Tiny.

Captain was calling from his boat.

"We're O. K.!" Tiny shouted.

"But the serpent got away!" He lifted me up to the captain, and crawled in after me and put my head

back on his shoulder. "Dody got an awful wallop."

People crowded around the boat when we landed, and Tiny just walked straight through them, carrying me in his arms, with my poor dress trailing like a mermaid's tail.

He sat down on the side steps. "Monkey," he said, "you had me fooled all along! Did you honestly think it was a real serpent?"

"Go on—laugh!" I said. I might just as well get it over with right away.

"Laugh!" Tiny repeated in the queerest voice. He leaned over and kissed the bump on my forehead. "I think," he said very solemnly, "that you're the gamest girl I ever knew in my life!" My heart stopped beating. "And the dearest," he added. Suddenly he did laugh, but it was all husky and not a bit superior. "Oh, Dody, when I couldn't find you after we capsized—" His arm tightened about me. "Dody—" His eyes were pleading and sort of scared, just as if he was sixteen instead of twenty.

"Oh, Tiny!" I said. "Oh—Tiny!"

Well, it isn't difficult to understand why, when anybody asks me, I always say my favorite animal is the sea serpent, is it?

So that's Dody—the minx! You'll meet with her again, enjoy more of her sixteen-year-old exuberance, in further stories about her by Phyllis Duganne in early issues of Liberty.

T W E N T Y Q U E S T I O N S

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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- 2—From what is licorice obtained?
- 3—What is the opposite of the word Bolshevism?
- 4—What free nation was founded by an American society?
- 5—What is the name of the partition separating chimney flues in a stack?
- 6—What is the philosopher's stone?
- 7—How does Canada compare with the United States in area?
- 8—What is the Australian Ballot System?
- 9—What mineral is woven into cloth?
- 10—What does *Noblesse oblige* mean?
- 11—Where in the Bible is the same verse repeated?
- 12—How was the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., founded?
- 13—What famous artist used a butterfly instead of his signature?
- 14—Who founded the French Legion of Honor?
- 15—Who was known as Typhoid Mary?
- 16—What is the real name of the Nickel Plate Railroad?
- 17—Who was the first American cardinal?
- 18—Where is the Valley of Death?
- 19—Was an Englishman ever Pope?
- 20—Who served as United States Senator from three different states?

(Answers will be found on page 32)



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by H. L. MENCKEN **How Free Do**

A Look at History's Most Perplexing Paradox

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE word liberty, politically speaking, has two meanings, and very often they are confused. It means the freedom of a whole people to govern themselves as they please and to stand in the relation of free equals to other peoples. And it means their freedom as individuals with respect to their own government.

The American people may be called free in both senses. So long as the government they live under has the sanction of the people it governs, it is as nearly a free agent as anything we can imagine.

The people of the nation, in their turn, are protected in certain inalienable rights against their government. So far it may go, but no further. Many of the things it is forbidden to do to them are listed in a solemn document called the Bill of Rights, which is a part of the Constitution. And others are guaranteed by the fact that the people reserve to themselves the general right to replace the men at the head of the government with more satisfactory men, or even turn it out altogether. There is nothing, legally speaking, to prevent their deposing both the President and Congress and setting up a king. If a constitutional majority of them decided that this would be wise they could do it. Or they could adopt Bolshevism or Fascism, or abolish the national government completely and go on as a loose group of states or as an even looser group of smaller communities.

The two kinds of liberty do not always run together. We see this at the moment in the cases of Italy and Germany. Italy is an entirely autonomous nation, and there is no power on earth, save maybe the vague and puerile power of the League of Nations, that can lawfully say it yea or nay. Germany, since the war, has been under a certain duress from the Allies, but that duress is lessening, and the Germans hope and plan to throw off what is left of it very soon. If they succeed, Germany will again be as free as Italy or France or Great Britain or the United States, or as it was itself under the Hohenzollerns.

But at the very time they struggle for this full freedom as a nation the Germans give up many kinds of liberty as individuals. Under the Hohenzollerns they had almost as long a list of rights as Americans; but now, like the Italians, they yield up most of them to the state. A large number of Germans yield only unwillingly, but there is every reason to believe that a majority are quite content to do so. The argument they use is that it is necessary to give up some of their private liberties in order to recover what they have lost of national liberty.

What induced the Italians to adopt Fascism was not a lack of national independence, but a fear that certain radical minorities within the state would use their liberties to seize it and possibly wreck it. So when Mussolini proposed a plan to put down these minorities, the majority of Italians followed him, though they had to lose some of their own liberties in the process. They figured that what they thus lost was much less than what they would stand to lose if the radical minorities won. In Russia the people reasoned in much the same way, and now account in the same way for their contentment with the somewhat harsh rule of the Bolsheviks.

It is commonly assumed that one sort of liberty carries the other with it. But this does not follow necessarily. The Irish, after a gallant struggle, won a large measure of independence from England, and are even now trying to get rid of the shadows of subjection that remain; but it would be hard to prove that, as individuals, they are much more free than they were before. The same thing is to be observed in some of the independent states that have succeeded the old empires in the Balkans and along the Baltic. It has even been argued, and with no little plausibility,



SAYS MR. MENCKEN:

"The General Run of Americans Show an Attitude Toward Freedom that Is Hard to Distinguish from Dislike!"

DO YOU AGREE?



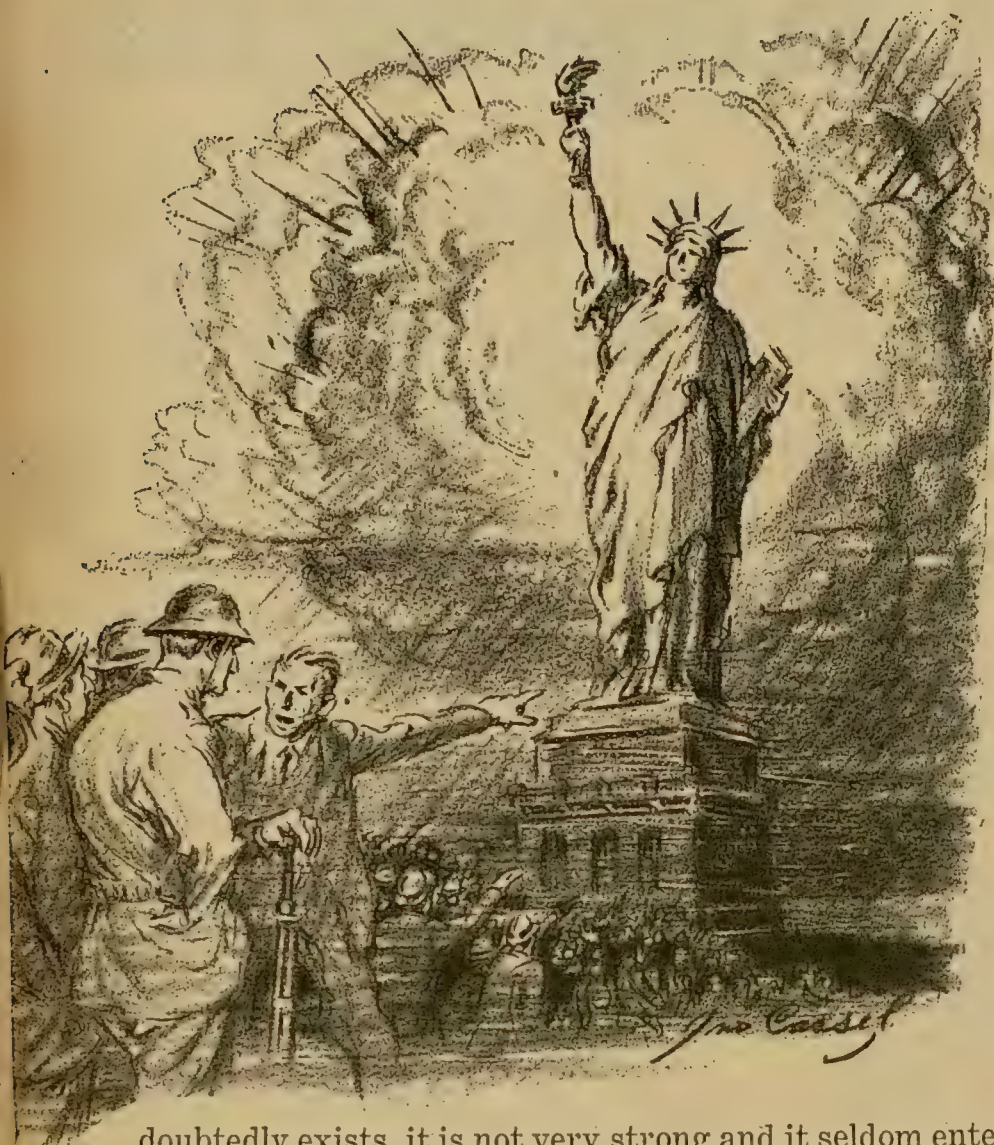
that the American colonies made no net profit in private freedom by throwing off the English yoke. To be sure, there were certain gains in that direction and they are now embodied in the Bill of Rights, but there have been corresponding and perhaps even larger gains in England itself, and it is not unreasonable to believe that they would have been extended to America as they have been extended to Canada and Australia.

It may be asked why, in view of this, most civilized peoples seem to be strongly in favor of national independence, and usually so willing to make great sacrifices to get and keep it. It probably costs a Czech more to live today than it cost him when he was an Austrian subject, and since his country is surrounded by more powerful neighbors, he is measurably less secure; but not many Czechs would be willing to see the Austrian Empire restored and themselves brought into it. So with the Poles, the Estonians, the Irish, the Lithuanians, and all the rest. This preference for independence sometimes goes to great lengths. In 1861 thirteen of the United States seceded from the Union and fought for independence for four bloody years, and even to this day the theory of state autonomy on which they acted is cherished by millions of Americans.

But the most remarkable example, perhaps, is provided by Catalonia, one of the provinces of Spain. It lost its independence so long ago as 1151, yet it has never given up hope of recovering it, and is trying to do so at the present moment.

What is at the bottom of this impulse? There have been many answers, all of them more or less unsatisfactory. One is that people naturally dislike strangers and object to being governed by rulers and officials from afar. But that is rather lame, for though the prejudice un-

We Want To Be?



doubtedly exists, it is not very strong and it seldom enters into practical politics. Another suggestion is that people hate to be governed by officials speaking a strange language. But that reason obviously had no validity when the American colonies revolted against England and the Latin-American colonies against Spain. A third suggestion is that people have a natural loyalty to the particular soil that bred them. But that purely neighborhood patriotism is, after all, somewhat feeble, and nearly always it is swallowed up by loyalty to some larger and grander unit. Thus most Americans, though they may love their states, are proud first of all of belonging to the great American Republic, and most Scotsmen, though their devotion to Scotland is proverbial, are even more devoted to the British Empire, and most Canadians and Australians are no less so.

There remains the theory that there is in every civilized man a natural love of liberty, inborn and inextinguishable. But if it be admitted for the sake of argument that every man yearns instinctively to be free personally, it by no means follows that he will always prefer to live in a free state rather than in a vassal state, for the former may, and often does, invade his private liberties more than the latter.

MOREOVER, men can be taught to love liberty, and while that love lasts they will fight for it heroically; but they seldom start such a fight without a great deal of urging, and after they have got what they fought for they seldom go to much trouble to keep it.

Of all this the American Revolution supplied plenty of proof. By this time I suppose even school-teachers must be aware that it did not start as a mass movement, and thus could not have been set going by any general instinct. The majority of the colonists, in fact, seem to have been against separating from England. The independence party, from first to last, was led and operated by a small group of men, and a formidable minority held out against them to the end. Nor was there any great increase in

private liberty after the Revolution was won. On the contrary, there was actually a movement in the other direction. Since then liberty has had its ups and downs in the United States, with the downs far more numerous than the ups. It probably touched its high point during the days between Andrew Jackson and the Civil War. At that time there were very few laws restricting the freedom of the individual, and the American citizen was about as free as any man of modern times has ever been.

But the Civil War started a movement in the other direction, and it is still going on. Its effects are shown, on the one hand, by the enormous increase in governmental interference with the daily life and activity of the individual—on hygienic, police, moral, and other more vague grounds, or to safeguard the ever more onerous revenue; and on the other hand by the steady advance of the theory that every citizen owes the government an unquestioning allegiance, and that it is a kind of immorality for him to criticize it.

THE thing to be noticed is that very few people really resist this movement. A good many may do some discreet growling, but they never make any serious effort to recover what has been lost until after they have been belabored for years by specialists in liberty. When prohibition came on us in 1920 the overwhelming majority of Americans took it lying down. So the fight against it had to be carried on by a small group of men and women, perhaps not more than a thousand in all, and it took them thirteen long years to arouse the people in general to recovery of their lost liberty, though it had always been within easy reach.

Thus it is rather absurd to say that there is anything even remotely resembling a natural love of liberty in mankind. There have been many revolutions in the history of the world, but I can recall none that was fought for liberty pure and simple; they were all fought for privilege. What is at the bottom of every one is a simple thing: the desire of a relatively small group of native politicians to seize the power and glory that go with running the government. Add the enthusiasm of a few idealists who really love liberty for its own sake and are willing to fight for it in the field while the politicians do the talking, and you have the motive power of every revolution ever heard of.

The private kind of liberty, like the national kind, is really cherished only by a small class of men, usually unpopular and often with something dubious to sell. In the United States, at the moment, little is heard on the subject save from persons of a generally radical cast of mind. A few extraordinary idealists, devoted to liberty for its own sake, are associated with them loosely, but not many. How could there be many? Such men are naturally rare, and it would probably not be unjust to call them abnormal. The general run of Americans show an attitude toward freedom that it is hard to distinguish from dislike. When their own is invaded, they bear it without much complaint, and certainly without resistance; and when the other fellow is the victim they console themselves with the thought that he is a bad egg and needs to be kept within bounds.

This general suspicion of persons who advocate liberty is not without logical grounds. What they are really after, nine times out of ten, is some kind of privilege, and often it is nothing less than the high privilege of overturning the government and setting themselves in its place.

How little they thirst for actual liberty is revealed when they succeed;—as in Russia today.

THE END

An Unknown Chapter in

An Answer to the Riddle of the Sphinx of the Screen



U. & U. photo

One of the first stills made of Garbo in Hollywood.
Left: In Stockholm, when she was working in a store.

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

GARBO," said Kaj Gynt in Liberty last week, beginning this Unknown Chapter, "has never lived in the real world as we live in it. She lives now, as she lived during that childhood which we shared, in a world of dreams." Miss Gynt, who knew Garbo as Greta Gustafson in Sweden from the time she was seven, went on to give instances. She pictured the strange child seated on a hillside flight of steps, perplexing a passing grown-up by her insistence that these were Jacob's ladder to heaven.

She told of a June day when Greta played truant—with the result that her teacher spanked her soundly before the whole class. To her sensitiveness it was a tragedy, and it was "the end of her childhood." Always, Miss Gynt said, the future

Garbo's playmates knew well that she was different from the rest of them and that she was full of mystery.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

I THINK there was something hypnotic about her eyes."

The woman who said that to me was a simple little Swedish dress-maker named Hanna Rumberg. And she said it long before the world had come to recognize that quality in Greta Garbo.

The two Gustafson girls used to climb the one flight of steps to Hanna's plain clean quarters. It was for Alva, the gay, pretty older sister, that most of the dresses were made. If there was only money for one dress, it was Alva who got it and Greta who had to have something made over—something Alva had discarded the year before. Hand-me-downs were Greta's first party clothes.

"Even then," said little Miss Rumberg, "she had such good taste, and she never seemed to mind that her sister had so much more than she did. But she was always in a hurry. Alva would come weeks ahead, and talk and plan. But Greta would rush in wildly at the very last minute and demand that I make her a dress to wear that very evening! Just fix up something any old way! Ah, that is what she would say. But the truth was that the things she wanted were much more difficult than the pretty frilly things that Alva loved. For Greta must have the fine simple lines, the simplest things, and usually they were black or white.

"Once I basted a dress on to her to wear to a party. Imagine that! How cross I was, too! Oh, she

looked ravishing, for always she had the beautiful long body that makes every dressmaker perfectly happy. But how could a dressmaker do her best work so? I told this to Greta, and I scolded her very well for it. 'It is not finished properly,' I said, 'that dress, and what will people think of me that I let you go out so?'

"She looked at me with a strange grave look that she had. Then she put her hand upon my lips to quiet me. 'Don't scold,' she said. 'A few years from now I will be so famous that all the dressmakers in Stockholm will beg to make me dresses for nothing. You will see.'

"And she walked out, proud as a queen. I said to myself, 'This is after all only little Greta Gustafson, whom I have sewed into her sister's old clothes for a long time. What can she mean by such talk?' Yet all the while there was something that made me believe her,

GRETA GARBO'S LIFE

by Her Friend
from Childhood
K A J G Y N T

as told to

**A D E L A
R O G E R S
S T. J O H N S**



Carl Brisson, the actor who did not know he was young Greta's first love.



Early in her teens. "A few years from now," she said quietly, "I will be famous."

some reason why I did not laugh at her.

"I think there was something hypnotic in her eyes."

So you see, Greta knew herself what she was destined to be, and years later, when we were in New York together before she ever went to Hollywood, she was as imperious and sure of herself as an empress.

Always I am astonished to hear the tales that are told of Greta's arrival in America, of her first trip to Hollywood. Perhaps that is the way some people like it to be told—that she was awkward and badly dressed and unsure of herself; but it is not true at all.

She was hurt and lonely and puzzled and bewildered by Hollywood. But it was not fear. It was surprise that they did not see what she had to offer.

When we came to New York that first time I went with her to the offices of a very big executive in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. And he said to her, "Well, Miss Garbo, and are you satisfied with your fine contract?"

Greta was walking about his office, looking at the big framed pictures of stars. Over her shoulder she said, "No, I am not. Is not enough."

Never have I seen a man look so surprised. That this young girl, quite unknown in America, should speak so.

"Is not enough," said Greta; "and I want, too, a car and chauffeur, like all the movie stars have."

"But they pay for those themselves," he said.

"No," said Greta, "the studio—it should pay for mine."



U. & U. photo

Greta as mermaid. "Always she swam alone," Miss Gynt recalls. "Not even the boys could excel her."

I saw him look at her strangely, but he did not laugh and he said nothing. It was not that she was conceited. It was as though she spoke quite naturally a plain truth which anybody of intelligence should understand.

We went shopping together a great deal in New York then. It has filled me with amazement to hear it said and see it written that Garbo was badly dressed when she arrived in Hollywood, that she had on what were called "funny clothes." Her clothes were bought from the great dressmakers of Berlin, and they were plain but very lovely. She had then a fetish for things that were handmade. When we went into

the shops in New York, that was always the first thing she would ask: "Is it handmade?" If it was not, she would not have it. All her things, her underwear and everything, were handmade and of the finest quality.

And we went also to shoe stores and bought shoes. Greta is a tall girl, a viking goddess. And I have sat many times while she bought shoes, and have seen how impressed every one was with her, though then the name of Greta Garbo was not known to anybody in America. The shoes she bought were six and a half in size, which for her height is perfect. Yet because often with her tweeds she wore the flat-heeled shoes that are correct for the properly dressed lady, people have said that her feet are too big.

"I shall be a great screen star," she said to me one day when it was almost time for her to leave. She was somewhat sad, for she saw ahead of her much tragedy and

separation from her homeland and her loved ones. "I shall be a great screen star."

She was in her bed, in lovely silken pyjamas, and I thought then that she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. So beautiful did she seem to me that I began to cry, for it seemed that I knew she was going away from us all, that though she would always be sweet and kind and generous, never again would she be just the Greta I had known.

A woman of destiny.

Did I know it when she came to the first love affair of her life, the love affair that was so important to the sensitive imaginative child who dramatized everything from the very beginning?

It is not too much to say that I did.

Who was this first great love?

As soon as she grew up a very little the boys in our school were all quite mad about Greta. But when they followed her home from school or about in the school yard, she ran away. She had no interest at all in boys—though already when she was only twelve or thirteen all the boys in our school would have liked to have the tall fair Greta for their girl.

LATER, too, when we started to have school parties and to have our little dances and then to be asked—how thrilling it was!—to the dances that the college students gave, Greta was always a great favorite.

For one thing, each of the boys would say to you that she was the best dancer they had ever danced with. "It is as though she were part of the music," they said.

One boy whom I knew well, and it may be admired myself, often took Greta and her sister Alva to dances. He danced with both sisters, of course, but Greta was his great favorite in the dance.

When he was seeing them home she would not even talk to him.



The garden where Greta grew strawberries for market. She stayed nights in the cabin to keep them from being stolen.

PAUL U. BERGSTRÖMS ANTIKVARIAT STOCKHOLM

AVDELNING
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Dam,
Flick-
och
Barn-
Hattar

CECILE
Damhatt av tagel-
flata m. bandgär-
ning. Finnes i marin,
svart, vitt, rött, beige
eller brunt
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olika färger... Kr. 10

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ning. Finnes i gråblått, marin, ljus-
brunt eller mörkbrunt... Kr. 21

Paul U. Bergströms Antikvariat, Årsgatan 10, Stockholm
1921.

U. & U. photo

All these are the future Garbo when she was a hat model! An advertisement of Bergström's department store, from the old family album.



it would not have occurred to her to make up such things. And she said to me then that never, no matter what should happen, could she live in a place where there was not much fresh air to breathe, that she could not live in a city or it would choke her. And she insisted that it was needful that she should be alone often.

How Greta worked to get into the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm! Here she is (extreme right) in a student group.

These things were born within her, and she has carried them through her life. That is why she astonished Hollywood—and indeed the world—when she became a great star. People have said that these things were strange, that they were perhaps put on. But it is not true, for well do I remember how worried her father and mother were, and how the neighborhood used to talk, and how we knew that often at night her brother Sven or her father would go out to seek her and find the little girl with her long hair walking alone through the streets that led away from the city and into the fields.

But besides fresh air and that world which she created from her own spirit, there was one other object in her night rambles alone. One Mecca that she sought.

The South Side Theater.

And there she found her first love.

How like her—that it should not be one of the boys who followed her about, but a dream prince!

His name was Carl Brisson. He is now an important actor in Hollywood. Then he was with the theatrical company which played in the South Side Theater. Greta's heart turned to him. He was her Prince Charming, her ideal. To her, it was more natural, it was more satisfying, to love him as she did from a distance, to imagine herself loving and beloved by such a man, than to do as most girls did and have a "beau" among the boys.

ONE night when he came into the stage entrance of the theater she gave him a little bunch of violets, and he thanked her and smiled down at the little girl who looked up at him with adoring eyes. Probably he forgot her a moment later; certainly he did not dream that he had just accepted tribute from one who was to reach the heights in his own profession and to be the most desired woman in the world. How could he? But after that, strange to say, Greta seemed to change. She was happier, she was gayer, she used to laugh more. It was as though her dreams had come closer.

For always her dreams were of the theater.

I remember how astonished one of the boys was when he invited her to go to the theater with him and she would not go. He admired her a great deal, and had saved his money for days that he might buy the tickets to take her. He thought that of all things she would most desire to see a play. But she only shook her head, and he was heartbroken and very bewildered.

But she explained it. She did not care at all about seeing the theater from "out front." The only thing she wanted was to get back stage, where she could become part of the world of make-believe.

I know that there was never a time, from the moment that she could begin to think, that she did not intend to be an actress. And I know how

Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

There is a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.



Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

NO CLEAN HANDKERCHIEFS? WE CAN'T KEEP THEM LAUNDERED; YOU USE SO MANY WITH YOUR HAY FEVER.

WHY NOT USE KLEENEX? YOU SAY DAMP HANDKERCHIEFS MAKE YOUR NOSE RAW AND RED. NOT A BAD IDEA... USE A TISSUE, THROW IT AWAY; THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET DAMP.

GOSH, MARY, I HAVEN'T FOUND A CURE FOR HAY FEVER, BUT I HAVE FOUND COMFORT AND RELIEF IN KLEENEX. YES, AND THINK HOW MUCH CHEAPER IT IS THAN LAUNDERING ALL THOSE HANDKERCHIEFS.

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

Save Sore Noses from **HAY FEVER** Misery

THE agonies of hay fever are bad enough. Don't add to them by using handkerchiefs which often harm more than they help. Instead, try Kleenex. Your nose will be grateful for the change from rough, soggy handkerchiefs that make raw, inflamed membranes cry out for relief.

Kleenex is a touch of comfort you'll welcome. The softest yet strongest of tissues. Far more absorbent than linen or cotton. And always dry, fresh, clean . . . because you simply use, then destroy. Isn't this better than an endless succession of mucus-clogged handkerchiefs any woman dreads washing?

Kleenex is priced so low you can use many of these disposable tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Try Kleenex—at drug, dry goods, department stores.



hard she worked, what difficulties she met, in getting into the Dramatic School. All that has been told many times and I can add nothing except that, watching her day by day, we realized what determination she was showing.

Whether she was working in a beauty shop, in a department store, it did not matter. She kept after her one objective. And when she got into the Royal Dramatic School, she endured real hardship. She had few clothes, she walked blocks to school, she actually went through a great deal—and always cheerfully and happily.

There was one way that Greta took to make money that I have never seen told, yet it seems to me of all the things she did the most typical.

When her father became ill—he had a long illness before his untimely death—all the children did what they could. Sven and Alva got jobs. It was then that Greta took the now famous position in a barber shop.

But she did more than that. The family owned a small plot of ground just outside the city. Upon it was a tiny wooden house intended at first for the tools that a gardener would need. Here Greta decided to raise a crop of strawberries for the market.

How hard she worked and yet how she loved it! She was never as happy in the store as she was there. Up early, when the dew was still on the ground, she hoed and dug and watered her strawberries, and when it became evident that the boys of the neighborhood would steal them from her, she actually slept at nights in that cabin and guarded her fruit from them.

She herself would pick the big red berries and send them to market and come home with the money, proud as a peacock of what she had done.

There is one other picture that stands out so clear. We were all, of course, like fish in the water. We

swam as soon as we could walk, and we loved the sea with passion. We were, I suppose, magnificent swimmers. But we never thought much about it.

None of us could excel Greta Gustafson, not even the boys. Her speed and strength in the water were remarkable. How she glided, like a real mermaid! But here, as in everything, she was different. Always she swam alone, with that lightning speed of hers, with those true powerful strokes, until she came to the rocks, gray and brown, and there she would perch in the sun and watch the others from a distance, and if any one came near her she would dive away and swim to another rock. I do not remember that she ever joined in the games here any more than at school. All she asked was to be left alone completely, and in time all her playmates learned to do that, nor did anybody criticize her for it.

OVER and over have been told the stories of her rise. Of her work in the department store, where she posed as a hat model. Of her first chance in pictures, her meeting with Stiller, the great European director. Of her first pictures, her years of study in the Royal Dramatic School, her pilgrimage to Hollywood with Stiller.

I have wanted you to know the girl who grew up to be Garbo as a childhood playmate knew her. For I think when these simple and true and so real tales have been told, you will understand the Garbo of today better.

I loved her when she was a little girl. All her playmates who went to school by her side, all her playmates who watched her and knew her, loved her. But as we look back—and I have talked with many who were in that group—she is honestly the one we all remember best, the one who stood out as different.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

- 1—The tree of life.
- 2—From the roots of the European plants *Glycyrrhiza glabra* and *Glycyrrhiza eschinta*.
- 3—Menshevism, a Russian word meaning "the smaller," hence minority. Bolshevism means "the greater," hence majority.
- 4—Liberia, Africa, founded in 1822 by the American Colonization Society.
- 5—A withe.
- 6—A substance thought to possess the power of converting other metals into gold and also of curing all ills.
- 7—Canada, 3,684,723 square miles; United States, 3,026,789.
- 8—Its essential feature is placing the names of all candidates on one ballot regardless of party.
- 9—Asbestos.
- 10—"Nobility obliges," implying that noble birth makes a certain standard of conduct obligatory.
- 11—In Psalm 107, verses 8 and 15 are identical.
- 12—By a bequest, in 1846, from James Smithson, an Englishman.
- 13—James McNeill Whistler.
- 14—Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802.
- 15—Mary Mallon of New York City, who was discovered to be a "carrier" of typhoid germs, although immune to the disease.
- 16—The New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad.
- 17—John McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, was created a cardinal in 1875.
- 18—It is the crater of an extinct volcano in Java which emits poisonous gasses.
- 19—Yes; Nicholas Breakspeare became Adrian IV in 1154.
- 20—James Shields, from Illinois 1849-55; Minnesota, 1858-60; and Missouri, 1879.



The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of \$500. A second prize of \$200 will be paid; a third prize of \$100; \$10 each for the twenty next best; and \$5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

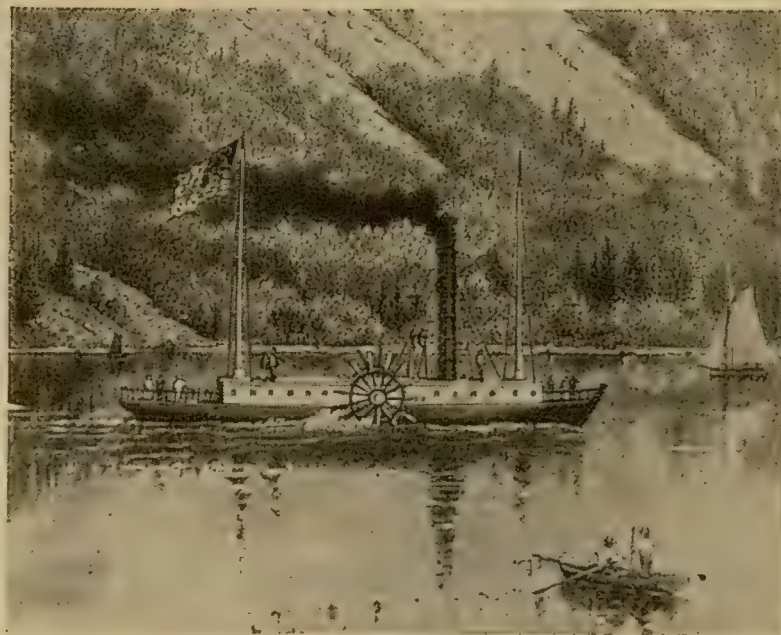
5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURES CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.

THIS WEEK'S CLUES

The events illustrated this week may be found among the following. Landing of the Pilgrims, Surrender of Cornwallis, Sailing of the Clermont, Battle of Mobile Bay, Grant and Lee, The Monitor and Merrimac, Battle of Lake Erie, Old Ironsides, Capture of Fort Donelson.



The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
\$500

SECOND PRIZE
\$200

THIRD PRIZE
\$100

TWENTY PRIZES
Each, \$10

200 PRIZES
Each, \$5

LIBERTY WILL PAY
\$2,000

IN THE BIG CASH PRIZE HISTORICAL PICTURE GAME

THE fourth set of Historical Picture Game pictures are presented for your consideration above. Can you identify the events or episodes in American history illustrated? If you have not entered this contest there is still plenty of time. Time not only to enter but time to win one of the 223 cash prizes Liberty will award when the game closes. If you need a clue to help you get started on your identifications, a moment of study directed at the paragraph in the lower left-hand corner will supply it. Be sure that you read the rules carefully.

IF YOU NEED THE FIRST NINE PICTURES

When you have identified this week's pictures as instructed, if you have not saved the first nine pictures, ask for them. They will be forwarded without charge if you mail your request to the address given in Rule 5. When they arrive, identify them as you have the three pictures above. This will bring your entry even with the field. In the meantime be alert for the fifth set of historical pictures in next week's Liberty, on sale Wednesday, August 22.

SET NO. 5 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth

**Forced Down in a
Wilderness with a
Murderer in Their
Midst—Here's a
New Climax in the
Thrilling Love Story
of One Mad Flight**

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

JACK VOLER, chief pilot of the Columbia Airlines, flies out from New York to relieve Jake Berger, pilot on the Salt Lake City-San Francisco division who broke his arm. The passengers aboard the big plane include: Egbert, alias Sonny Boy, spoiled young son of a millionaire; Baggerly, a stuttering scenario writer with a fondness for gin; Palmer, Dr. Evans, Felice Rollins, Stephani, and the Williamses, a young couple.

Before leaving Newark, Jack wires Trixie, a girl friend, inviting her to dinner in San Francisco the following evening. But he changes his plan when he sees Miss Rollins. He falls for this chic beauty hook, line, and sinker, and bets Vi Johnson, the stewardess, he will take her to dinner. Vi warns him she was the society girl who recently knocked a Count cold in Paris by way of breaking her engagement to him.

During the twenty-minute stop-over in Chicago, Miss Rollins hurries away in the darkness and Jack overhears her in a violent argument with a strange man. He intervenes and when the man draws a gun, knocks him down. This man was Stephani, who takes passage on the plane, and Miss Rollins tells Jack he is the Count's brother. She promises Jack she will dine with him in San Francisco if he gets her there on schedule. Then Stephani offers Jack \$5,000 if he will delay the trip with a pretended forced landing, but Jack refuses.

Despite reports of bad weather and Stephani's demand to Pete Stivers, dispatcher at Salt Lake City, that the flight be canceled, Jack starts for San Francisco. In

addition to his worries over Stephani and Miss Rollins, Jack learns that Palmer, alias Buck Hales, is an old-time pilot who gypped him in a flying contest years before. Also he is suspicious of the private radiograms received by Dr. Evans and the manner in which the medico watches Palmer.

But regardless of his worries and the warnings of sinister weather ahead of him, Jack is determined to win that bet from Vi Johnson. Mildly he wonders at the eagerness of Felice Rollins to get to San Francisco on schedule, and also at the fact that her sister Katherine is racing there by train.

Jack, who is telling the story, has Freddie Miller as co-pilot, and Anne Conlin is now stewardess.



A figure loomed ahead. He looked up and waved weakly, then collapsed and fell on his face.

Wild

by **BOGART ROGERS** and

PART FOUR—"YOU'RE YELLOW!"

IT took me twenty minutes to cover the fifty miles between Salt Lake City and Wendover, where the desert ends and the mountains begin. In clear weather I'd have cut straight across the latter on a bee line for Elko. But this wasn't clear weather and I figured I'd best edge north and follow the lower levels of the railroad.

I shoved my transmitter connection into the radio-plug box, switched on, and droned:

"Voler to Salt Lake—Voler to Salt Lake. Thr-r-ree



Wings

FRANK M. DAZEY

miles north of Wen-dover. Clear here but heavy broken overcast ahead. What is Elko?"

Through my earphones came the monotonous droning message:

"Elko. Zero. Solid overcast. Zero. Thirty-one. Northwest twenty-five. Twenty-nine ten."

Translated from Freddie's pad as he scribbled it down, the message told us that at Elko there was no ceiling, solid clouds, no visibility, temperature thirty-one degrees, a northwest wind of twenty-five miles an hour, and the barometer at twenty-nine and ten hundredths. Reports from Carlin, Battle Mountain—every station on the

route—were about the same.

It all boiled down to a single word: "Lousy."

I grabbed an eyeful of the Wendover emergency field as we whizzed over, and asked Freddie:

"How's that one?"

Freddie said: "It's good if you like it. I don't like it."

It didn't look very inviting—emergency fields seldom do—but there comes a moment in every pilot's life when a five-acre cow pasture seems a very fine airport indeed.

While I was concerned about what was ahead, I was also thinking of what was behind—meaning Stephani and the rest of the menagerie. Stephani worried me most. There didn't seem to be any way to get rid of the guy. He hung on like a cold in the head—and might as easily develop serious complications. I had vague apprehensions about Palmer and Dr. Evans, too; but if there were to be any fireworks I was picking Stephani to explode first.

WE slipped under the shadow of a cloud—the first since Newark. I looked across at Freddie. He made a wry face. Then we hit a bump, a rough old grandpa bump that ballooned us up a hundred feet, then smacked us down where we started from. I switched on the lighted sign panel in the cabin which says "Please fasten your seat belts," and told Freddie to go back and see that every one was strapped in.

Then I swung north—toward the lower levels of Bishop Creek and the railroad. I guessed I'd have to sneak my way through Secret Pass—a tricky job sometimes, but I'd done it before and could do it again.

Freddie brought back a worried expression. "Somebody oughta slap that Stephani fellow down," he said. "He's shootin' off his face—scaring the others by insisting we're heading for sure death and ought to turn back."

I started to burn under the collar; but I was worried, too. Great clouds boiling down into the cañons and valleys forced me lower and lower, obscuring peak after peak. Then it started to snow—and I mean it started to snow! We stuck our nose into a blanket of white that blotted out sky, earth, and horizon. I turned to Freddie:

"Whadda you think?"

"I think you'd better climb some before you kiss an alp," he advised.

I gave her a touch more throttle, nosed up, and climbed. Now please understand that up to that point I was in no danger. I knew my position exactly. I knew the terrain



I said: "You don't think I'd have plopped down unless I had to, do you?"
She said: "Not even for five thousand dollars?"

beneath me. I am a capable and experienced pilot who can fly by instrument for hours. My engines were functioning perfectly—fuel tanks full. The radio was working, with the double dash of the beam signal drumming steadily in my ears. The situation was well in hand—but not encouraging.

I debated whether I should plow ahead or turn back, and abruptly thought of Miss Rollins. If I turned back she'd be fit to be tied. My fault, of course. I'd promised too much—made her believe we couldn't miss. And Stephani—wouldn't that so-and-such love a nice forced landing! But I couldn't be influenced by individual problems or desires. Too many lives were at stake to worry about the troubles of a single blonde.

The door opened suddenly. Anne said:

"Jack, come back here—quick! This fellow's gone crazy!"

Without turning I said to Freddie: "Here—keep her on this course for a minute. I'll fix that cockroach!"

Freddie took the controls. I unhooked my belt, slipped back into the cabin. I was boiling mad. I knew Stephani hadn't gone daffy, but he was giving a swell imitation of a man who had. He was standing at the rear of the aisle—wild-eyed, hair tousled, screaming:

"You gotta go back! You'll kill us all! I can't stand it! I'll jump out if you don't go back!"

Assorted reactions from the others: Miss Rollins scornful; the young Williamses scared pink; Baggerly popeyed; Egbert slightly green; Dr. Evans warily alert; Palmer crouched, watching him like a cat.

"Cut the comedy!" I snapped at Stephani.

He took a couple of steps toward me—stopped at Palmer's seat.

"Comedy!" he screamed. "You're trying to kill us and call it comedy! Damn you, Voler, you've got to—"

Palmer, with the stealth, speed, and power of a springing jungle cat, tripped him with one foot, and slugged him viciously. Stephani seemed to hang motionless in mid-air for an instant as Palmer's fist, like lightning, cracked against his jaw again. Then he collapsed on his face in a heap.

Mrs. Williams screamed. Egbert exclaimed, "Cripes!" Anne, behind me, gasped. Palmer looked down at Stephani, then up at me. His eyes narrowed, his lips curled back in a vicious venomous smile. He liked to hit men.

Dr. Evans broke the tension by kneeling beside Stephani, straightening him out, rolling him over. To me he said: "I'll take care of him. Go on back where you belong."

I slipped back into the cockpit, took over the controls from Freddie, plugged in my earphones.

I was flying blind as a bat. Snow crusted the windshield. I called Salt Lake and asked for more reports. I didn't get them. Instead:

"Return to Salt Lake—or land at the nearest emergency field." It was Pete Stivers's voice.

I SAID: "Now wait a minute, Pete. This looks like it might clear up a bit."

The comeback was: "Return to Salt Lake or land at the nearest emergency field."

An order from the ground is an order not to be disobeyed. I said:

"O. K.—coming back." And switched off.

I dipped one wing and started around in a wide cautious half circle, taking my angle from the bank-and-turn indicator. I'd made about half of it when the door opened and Miss Rollins stepped into the compartment. She said:

"You're turning around!"

I said: "That's right," without looking at her.

She said: "You can't do this!"

I said: "Please—you'll have to get out of here!"

"You promised you'd go through." Frantic appeal was in her tone.

To Freddie I said: "Here—take this thing around."

He grabbed the wheel, held the ship in its bank and on

its curving course. I turned and faced Miss Rollins.

"Listen, sister," I snapped. "I said I'd try to get you through. It can't be done."

She glared at me defiantly. "You're yellow!"

I said: "All right—I'm yellow. Now be a good little girl and go back and sit down."

"I won't!" she insisted doggedly.

I said: "I'll sock you in the teeth, so help me!"—and wasn't kidding. You can't argue with a blonde and fly an airplane blind at the same time.

Her eyes flashed scorn and contempt. Then abruptly she started to cry. The tears squirted, actually. She about-faced and returned to the cabin.

I took the controls from Freddie, who had completed the turn.

We were still blind but smack on the Salt Lake course. The buzzing dot-dash in the earphones told me I was to the left of the radio beam. I had plenty of altitude, and the engines, thank God, were thundering evenly.

I suddenly decided Felice Rollins had become a distinct pain in the neck. But I hated to see her cry. After all, something terribly important must have been at stake or she wouldn't have acted as she did. She wasn't the kind of a girl who makes scenes.

I CAN'T explain exactly how and why I decided to try a southerly route down across Franklin Lake. I recall insisting to myself that Felice Rollins was not a factor in the decision. Obtusely enough, I became pathetically concerned over Trixie waiting for me in the Palm Room of the Palace. It wouldn't be right to leave her sitting there while naughty mans ogled her.

Then I worried about Baggerly's contract, nulled and voided if he didn't arrive on time. I even became concerned about Egbert and de momma and de poppa. And Stephani—I'd go through hell and high water to spite him! Most important—Dr. Evans and the youngster he was rushing to San Francisco to save.

We came out into pretty fair weather below Shafter. I cut in the transmitter: "Voler for Salt Lake—Voler for Salt Lake—three miles south of Shafter. Weather's breaking to the west. I'm going to try it again."

We argued for a minute. I didn't tell them I was going the southern route. I finally convinced Pete Stivers I'd proceed carefully and return if it still looked bad.

I was about to switch off when I got: "Wait a minute—personal message for Dr. Evans." Freddie pulled out his pad and wrote it down as it came through:

"Patient just died. Committee will meet you in San Francisco.

DR. GULLIVER."

Strangely enough, the fact that the desperate necessity for Dr. Evans to get to San Francisco no longer existed didn't influence my decision.

Preferred by Millions

The genuine bears this seal



It must be Good!



All these whiskey ads claim so much—it's hard to know what to buy.



It's my experience that you can't beat Crab Orchard. It's a straight Kentucky bourbon. Mighty reasonable, too.



George was certainly right! I had no idea you could get a genuine bourbon for so little money.

A PRODUCT OF
NATIONAL DISTILLERS

Crab Orchard

STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Produced by the same
distillers:

OLD GRAND DAD
OLD TAYLOR
OLD McBRAYER
OLD CROW
SUNNY BROOK

HILL and HILL
MOUNT VERNON
MARYLAND RYE
OLD OVERHOLT
PENNSYLVANIA RYE

HERMITAGE

Straight as a string



I rang for Anne—told her to deliver the message to Dr. Evans.

This southern route of mine was great. I cut down through a cañon east of Franklin Lake—picked up an old abandoned mine railroad which started nowhere and led to a narrow valley which curved through the Diamond Mountains.

Yes, sir! It was a good route while it lasted—but it didn't last long enough. I suddenly found myself in a spot. The clouds ahead dropped and blocked my way like an impenetrable wall. I dared not plunge into it, because I didn't know precisely what was ahead. I couldn't swing to right or left—fog-smothered mountains hemmed me in on both sides.

Dammit all! I was caught. The clouds had closed in behind me—were pouring in from the north like a huge gray Niagara. In another flash instant I decided to land. I yelled at Freddie:

"We're sitting down!"

A FAIRLY flat meadow appeared to the left. I darted toward it. The nervous tension was terrific. I realized ten human lives depended on my judgment and skill. One tiny slip— But my nerves were steady. I'd been in tight places before. I critically, swiftly surveyed the scene—determined the wind direction from the drift of the clouds. I nosed down and circled—hoped the field was as flat as it looked; no rocks or gullies or soft spots. I was headed into the wind now. Good! The long way of the field. I yanked back the throttles.

Bedlam, harsh and deafening, exploded in my ears!

Freddie yelled, "The wheels!"—grabbed the switch that controls the retractable landing gear, which was still up in flying position. I held the ship up, nearly stalling, until the wheels had dropped to landing position—then side-slipped steeply. A clump of scrub pine flashed blackly beneath. I fishtailed to kill forward speed, settled—settled—

A gentle bump, a hissing sound as the tires scrunched the snow. I grabbed the brake lever, pulled it—and there we were!

My shirt was soaking wet and clammy; sweat was oozing from every pore. I cut the fuel switches and turned to Freddie.

"Well, m'lad—here we are."

"Wherever here is," said Freddie.

I went back into the cabin. Every one was sitting there looking sort of useless and at loose ends. Stephani had come to—was slumped down in his seat holding a wet towel to his mouth, which was beginning to swell. Bad as he must have felt, he practically laughed at me through a puffed lip. I knew he was thinking of that five thousand bucks he offered me—and I didn't take.

"Everything's all right, folks," I announced. "The weather closed in on us and I thought it best to land and wait for it to clear a bit."

Baggerly, still a bit green, asked: "D-d-do you know where we are?"

I said: "I don't know exactly."

"Then we're lost."

"Nope—we aren't lost."

He said: "I see. We aren't lost. We just d-d-don't know where we are."

I walked back to Felice to tell her not to worry—we'd get out somehow. She beat me to the opening with:

"I suppose you *had* to land?"

I said: "Great golly, girl! You don't think I'd have plopped down unless I had to, do you?"

She said: "Not even for five thousand dollars?"

The only nonprofane comeback I could think of was:



"Comedy!" he screamed.
"You're trying to kill us and call it comedy!"

"You go take a running jump in the lake, sister!" So I said it.

The snow was coming down in thick swirling gusts. You couldn't see fifty feet in any direction. I advised the passengers to stay in the cabin for the time being, and took Freddie and Anne, the stewardess, up in the cockpit to talk things over.

THE points we had to consider were these: Our jolly little snowstorm might continue for hours—or days. We had almost no food aboard; coffee, sandwiches, cake, fruit—that was about all. The cabin was heated by hot air from the engine exhausts; we either had to run the engines, which might seriously deplete our fuel supply, or find some other way of keeping warm. As soon as I had the situation figured out I intended to call Salt Lake by radio and confess all. But even that wasn't so good, as it might take a couple of days to get help in to us, if we couldn't fly out before then. I knew that a plane covered with snow is practically impossible to locate.

I told Anne to close all the ventilators and dish out the blankets. Then Freddie and I barged out to look at the weather. We saw plenty of it. The snow was falling more heavily, the temperature at thirty degrees. I said:

"We can get out of here in the morning if this blows over—providing the snow isn't too heavy on the ground."

"And providing we haven't all turned into human par-faits," Freddie added optimistically.

We returned to the pilot's compartment. I looked at the radio transmitter but wasn't very anxious to get chummy with it. I knew I had to call Salt Lake and confess everything—and would that Pete Stivers have

things to say! Well, better get it over with.

I slipped on the earphones, flipped on the switch, and listened. Not a sound! I twirled the dials and listened again. Not even a little buzz. It was dead as a mackerel. The radio equipment was in a cabinet in the cabin just behind the pilot's compartment.

I went back to it. There was Egbert, looking curiously at the coils and wires. I exploded:

"You little devil, you've been monkeying with this radio!"

Egbert wasn't mad; he was terribly, terribly hurt. He viewed me reproachfully. "I have not!"

I resisted a primitive urge to bite him in two. Instead I removed the panels, peered inside. Everything was quite in order—except that three tubes were smashed into powder, broken beyond any possible repair.

I called Freddie. "This," I told him, "is what you might call a pretty kettle of fish."

He whistled and, I thought, went a trifle pale.

I didn't waste any time on Egbert. The situation was serious. I decided the passengers should be informed, so I told them what we were up against. The storm might last three hours, or three days. If it cleared before too much snow fell, I could take off; but I'd have to wait until morning. I couldn't risk it at night. Thanks to Sonny Boy, we could not communicate our position and ask for help. As we were off the beaten track, it was unlikely searchers would find us for several days. To be on the safe side, we'd have to act as if we were going to be there two or three days at least.

I LOOKED at the passengers, trying to judge their reactions to the emergency from the expressions on their faces.

Mrs. Williams, the youngster who had boarded at Salt Lake, piped up with:

"But I can't stay here for three days."

I said: "You may have to."

"But I can't!" she wailed.

"Why not?"

She and her husband both flushed, glanced at each other. Then Mr. Williams blurted:

"We're having a baby."

"What!" I exclaimed. Every one looked at them in astonishment.

Mrs. Williams clarified the remark with "He isn't—but I am."

I blew up.

"Who in hell sold you a ticket?" I demanded.

Young Williams cut in with an indignant "Here—you mustn't speak to my wife like that!"

"The man in Salt Lake," she answered.

"Well, he shouldn't have. We've got a strict rule against people like—er—people like you."

The gallant young husband again: "What do you mean—people like her?"

I said: "Well—she is, isn't she?" Mrs. Williams cut in with: "Of course I am—and I knew there was a rule about it—and that's why I wore this coat." She indicated the raccoon.

Palmer spoke up: "Whadda you all worrying about? If worse comes to worst, Dr. Evans here—guess you could be some help, couldn't you, doctor?"

Dr. Evans smiled complacently. "A little, I think." He turned to me. "But of course you realize you should make every effort to get out of here if you possibly can."

He looked thoughtfully at Mrs. Williams—turned to me. He said:

"If you don't mind, I'd like to talk to you a moment about this."

We went up into the cockpit. I sat in my seat, he sat in the other. Freddie was back talking to Anne. Evans said: "Mind closing the door?"

I closed it, looked across at him, started slightly. The calm, complacent Dr. Evans was changed completely—an entirely different man. He was nervous, tense. In almost a whisper, he said:

"Listen, boy. I've got to talk fast. You're a federal employee—Post Office; mail. I know all about it. So am I." He pulled out a small leather folder, flicked it open, showed me the familiar identification card of the Department of Justice agent.

I said: "Good God! So is Palmer."



Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT!

SUMMER is hard on hair. Hot suns bake and parch it. Your daily swim or shower washes away its natural oils. It becomes brittle, thin and lifeless.

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Summer Sun is hard on your HAIR!



50 SECONDS TO RUB...New life tingles through your scalp...it's awake...its natural and nourishing oils are restored.



10 SECONDS TO BRUSH...Now comb your hair and brush it into place...your hair stays neat, lustrous, but without a "patent-leather" look.

"No he isn't!" Evans snapped. "He's a murderer and bank robber and an all-round wrong guy. That's what I'm here for."

I said: "No foolin'!"

Evans nodded.

"Ever hear of a fellow named Hales, alias Joppy Black, alias Tommy Trasker—"

"You mean the fellow who stuck up all those New Jersey banks?"

Evans nodded. "That's the fellow."

"And killed those two policemen?"

"That's him."

"Holy cow!" I exclaimed. I could feel my eyes popping.

"If we hadn't had to land I wouldn't have told you," Evans went on. "But now I think you'd better know all about it. He had a partner. We thought he was in San Francisco—that this guy would lead us to him. That's why I was tailing him. But they picked the other guy up this afternoon in Brooklyn. That's what the 'patient just died' in that last message meant—meant the boys made the pinch."

"I could take him into custody here—handcuff him—but I don't want to take any chances. Not with that girl and her baby. He's a bad egg—a killer."

I said: "Has he got a gun?"

"He should have."

"God knows he can't get away from you through this." I jerked a thumb toward the window and storm.

"That's what I figure," said Evans. "I'm just going to keep an eye on him. But I thought you'd better know."

I FELT like Atlas had suddenly dumped the world on my shoulders.

The first thing I organized was the food supply. What little we had should be pooled and rationed out. There were a couple of gallons of hot coffee in the thermos flasks, sugar and cream, sandwiches, some cakes and fancy biscuits, some fruit—that was all. Back in the cabin I said: "If anybody has anything to eat in their pockets or their baggage, they'd better contribute it to this pool."

Nobody moved, but Egbert fidgeted nervously. I grasped him firmly with one hand, frisked him with the other. He had four Peanut Patty Cakes, two Coconut Love Smacks, and a bar of chocolate.

"And now, Mr. Baggerly—"

He looked up blandly and said: "I haven't any food."

I said: "Come on—come on. The gin."

He pretended to be surprised. "Oh, yes, the gin." He rather sheepishly produced it from his briefcase. We added two full quarts to the stores. I decided the next thing to do was send some one scouting for firewood.

Palmer said: "I'll go."

Dr. Evans (I'm not going to change his name at this late stage) promptly asked to be counted in too—he'd had plenty of experience in snowstorms. I suggested Freddie go along also, and Baggerly declared a little fresh air and exercise might do him good.

I said: "And you, my dear Mr. Stephani?"

He wasn't having any. He started whining about his jaw, which he thought was broken.

I said: "O. K.—skip it."

PALMER had additional remarks for Stephani. Specifically: "Listen, you. You be a good boy while we're gone. For reasons I don't quite understand, you don't want this plane to get through. But the rest of us do. If you try any monkey business—well, just don't, that's all!"

I said I'd do a little scouting too. We all bundled up as best we could. Palmer, Dr. Evans, and Baggerly climbed out into the snow first. I called Freddie back for a moment; slipped off my automatic and holster, gave it to him. I said:

"Here—you take this. And keep an eye on Palmer. Never mind why—I'll explain later."

Freddie took a pocket compass and the four of them started off in one direction. I went off in another. It was still snowing heavily. Three or four inches were on the ground. A mild wind had started to sweep it into drifts.

I headed straight forward from the ship. I wanted to

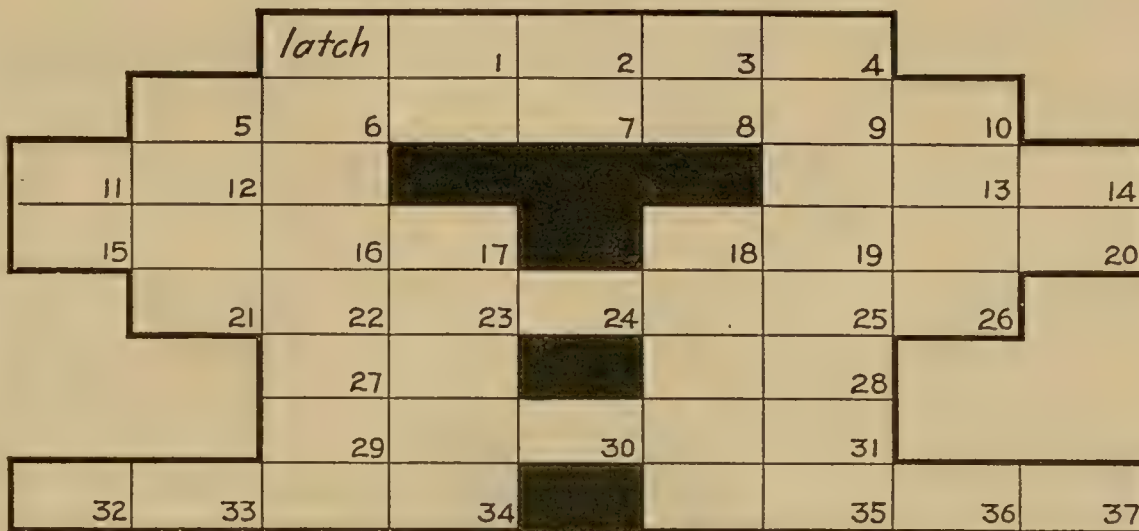
find out what the ground was like for a take-off. I was gone about an hour, collected an armful of wood from a fallen tree, found my way back with difficulty. The others hadn't returned. I had told them that if they had trouble finding their way back, Freddie could fire his gun; I'd start an engine and let it run and they could head toward the sound.

I went up into the pilot's compartment—wanted to be by myself. Stephani wouldn't let me. He appeared at my shoulder.

"I guess we'll be here all night, eh?" he inquired.

WITWORK by JEROME S. MEYER

Connectogram



Whenever the last word of two commonly associated words becomes the first word of another pair of commonly associated words we have a connectogram. For instance: baby grand, grand piano, piano stool, stool pigeon, pigeon hole. This string of connected pairs of words becomes a connectogram when written as follows:

BABY GRAND PIANO STOOL PIGEON HOLE

The connected words may also be part of compound words, such as hair-pin, pin-wheel, wheel-barrow, etc.

Starting with "latch" which is obviously followed by "key," go right through the connectogram, putting each word in its proper place and using definitions to help you. The number in front of a definition corresponds with the number in the lower right-hand corner of the box. When no number is given, the box contains the same word as the one directly above it.

DEFINITIONS

- | | | |
|--|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 Short informal letter | 13 List | 25 Narrative |
| 3 Written and bound narrative | 14 Recorder | 26 One who relates |
| 4 Creeping animal | 15 Boot | 27 Hinged barrier |
| 5 Cooking utensil | 16 Uppermost part | 28 Ill |
| 6 Main body of anything | 17 Circular | 29 Simpleton |
| 7 Circular band | 18 Ardent affection | 30 Female parent |
| 8 One of the five terminal members of the hand | 19 Alphabetical symbol | 31 Vocal music |
| 9 Horny scale | 20 Body of advisers | 32 The Deity |
| 10 Luster | 21 Territory of a nation | 33 Gelatinous film |
| 11 Dec. 25 | 22 Border of a surface | 34 Meat |
| 12 Large woody plant | 23 Pace | 35 Conscious existence |
| | 24 Preposition | 36 Protection in case of loss |
| | | 37 Definite course |

JANE'S HUSBAND

Jane said, "The man I marry will be tall, not stout, and will wear glasses. He will not be a blond and will not limp."

John, who does not limp, is not short, and wears glasses. He is thin and has black hair.

Peter, who wears glasses, is tall and not stout. He is not blond and limps.

Ralph, who does not limp, wears glasses. He is not stout, but he is not blond, and is by no means short.

Stanley, who is tall, not stout and blond, does not limp. He never wears glasses.

Whom will Jane marry?

THE ANSWERS TO THE TWO PUZZLES ABOVE WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 61

I said: "And I guess I've had just about all I'm gonna take from you."

His facial expression was two parts gloat and one part smile. "It all seems to have turned out for the best—your conscience is clear and I'm in five thousand dollars."

I said: "Let's forget it, huh?" I could feel my right fist getting out of control.

"I'm glad it turned out this way," he said seriously. "I hated to see that girl making a fool out of you."

"What girl?"

"Miss Rollins."

"How d'you mean—making a fool out of me?"

He said: "It was very gallant of you to try to get her through to San Francisco on time—under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"I don't suppose she told you she was rushing to San Francisco to elope to China—with another man."

He gave me one of those think-that-one-over-for-a-while smiles, went back, and sat down.

So that was it, was it? The charming Miss Felice Rollins had been playing me for a sap so I'd bust an artery to deliver her on time to some other guy! Well, I'd been made a sucker of before—and probably would be again. I was thinking about such things when Baggerly returned.

"Where are the others?" I inquired.

He said: "Th-th-th-th-they're out th-th-th-th-there." His stuttering started him shivering and the shivering started his teeth chattering until the whole cabin shook. I finally gathered he had left the others and returned before he froze to death. I told Anne she'd better serve him some hot coffee. She went back to her pantry, pattered for a moment, then called:

"Come here."

I went. "What's the matter?" I asked.

SHE said: "Most of the food's gone—at least the candy and the gin."

I looked accusingly at Baggerly. With a degree of indignation he said: "I didn't take it."

Then I looked for Sonny Boy. He had disappeared. Nobody had seen him leave. I stepped outside and called him. No answer. I walked forward to the cockpit, thinking I might see him from its higher elevation. I found him hunched up in a corner under the instrument board. His cheeks were bulging like an acute case of mumps. Telltale smears of chocolate adorned his chin. My fury was practically maniacal.

With no further ado I flipped him over my knee and spanked till his little bottom boomed like an African war drum. When I was all spanked out I demanded:

"Now, where are the rest of them?"

Egbert reluctantly produced a single candy bar from his pocket.

Suddenly out of the gloom and the snow came the muffled sound of a shot—and another shot. They didn't sound very far away. Freddie and the others were trying to find their way back. I went forward to turn on the landing lights—thinking they might help—and to start a motor. It was leaden and gloomy and commencing to get dark.

There came the sound of another shot—not so loud, it seemed. I got the starboard engine going after some difficulty. It was terribly cold and stiff. I let it run for five minutes or more, revved it up to a full roar, shut it off. The heat from the exhaust warmed the cabin somewhat. Then I trudged off through the snow in the direction of the shots, hoping I could pick up the boys and lead them back. I was almost out of sight of the ship when a figure loomed ahead, weaving uncertainly from side to side. I yelled, "Hullo-o-o!"

He looked up and waved weakly, then collapsed and fell on his face.

What were those muffled shots which reached Jack Voler through the snowstorm? And who was the man who collapsed? A desperado and a federal agent, each armed and a deadly enemy of the other, are out there. Are they shooting it out? Don't miss next week's installment. The plight of the little band lost in the wilderness becomes more desperate.

THERE IS ALWAYS ONE TRUE STORY IN A MARRIED WOMAN'S LIFE



BURIED deep in her own thoughts, every married woman's life contains a story. Sometimes that story is one of ignorance and fear, sometimes worse. Often it was the beginning of a false relationship in her life for which she can blame nobody but herself.

In this day and age there is no excuse for any married woman's being uninformed about feminine hygiene. It is her own fault if she shuts herself behind closed doors, or depends upon hearsay and irresponsible gossip.

Keep young with young ideas

Don't stick to the ways of your mother or grandmother, when poisonous antiseptics were used, even though feared. Doctors warned against these poisons, for they well knew the damage that could result to delicate and sensitive tissues.

But *today* there are available new discoveries for the benefit of womankind, and *your* physician has at his disposal the great antiseptic *Zonite*, non-poisonous and safe. *Zonite* is as safe to use as pure water and yet *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body.

Tell your women friends about *Zonite*

Spread the news about *Zonite* antiseptic among the women you know. They will thank you when they understand how *Zonite* solves woman's most intimate problem. *Zonite* does not desensitize delicate membranes. It does not leave areas of hardened scar-tissue. *Zonite* is no menace to small children in the house. *Zonite's* action is gentle and soothing. It really takes the danger out of feminine hygiene. And you can buy it anywhere; in city or small town.

Zonite comes in liquid and solid

Liquid *Zonite* is sold by drug stores in three sizes, 30c, 60c, \$1.00. The dainty white cone-like *Zonite* Suppositories are \$1.00 a dozen, each sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both.

Send for plain, frank booklet, "Facts for Women." It will bring you up to date on this important phase of every woman's life. Send to *Zonite* Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Don't miss this free booklet



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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- () Facts for Women
() Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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GLAMOROUS,



Jean Harlow with
Franchot Tone in
Girl from Missouri

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary

★ ★ ½ PARIS INTERLUDE

THE PLAYERS: Madge Evans, Otto Kruger, Robert Young, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Louise Henry, Edward Brophy. Directed by Edward L. Marin.

PARIS INTERLUDE, all about the lost-generation boys and girls of the giddy glamorous days of postwar Paris, seems to be about the best film in a week that offers little to cheer over, though the era which it treats is already dated and is fast becoming, like the flapper age, but a memory. Robert Young, who's getting better with each picture, and Una Merkel, drawl and all, are enough to give a glimmer of life to anything in which they appear.

Based on the play All Good Americans, the picture throws away most of its predecessor's funniest lines but adds a great deal in the way of emotion and plot.

In scenes that seldom get out of the local *bistros*, Paris Interlude tells the story of a group of young American ex-patriots who talk and love a great deal and do a little writing on the side. Otto Kruger, rapidly developing into one of the screen's most popular leading men after many years' service on Broadway, is the almost too glamorous newspaper correspondent who proposes to Madge Evans while in his cups. Called away to China on a story and reported killed by bandits, Kruger's place in Miss Evans's ample heart is usurped by Bob Young, Kruger's worshiping leg man.

Left stranded in Paris, penniless, and with no wish to return home, Miss Evans—not very chic for a stylist—develops fashion copy for American newspapers. The patiently adoring Bob Young does some writing for himself and, money in his pocket from a big sale, he succeeds in winning the fashion expert.

Just about the time they are ready to begin marital life in America, back comes Kruger, dead drunk, clothes tattered, and in such a battered condition that the Chinese must have escorted him all the way to Paris, taking punches at him every third mile.

Paris Interlude is an entertaining enough picture, with several bright flashes of dialogue and splendid performances by Bob Young and Una Merkel.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture made from fluffy play of the Perelmans' (Sid and Laura) All Good Americans, which enjoyed moderate B'way success and amusing lines, such as: "He did absolutely nothing but did it awfully well!" Picture makers have added elaborate Art Students' Ball to give it "production value." Picture made in quickie time. . . . Author S. J. Perelman is well known to comic-magazine readers; has been to Paris, and claims he asked the famous Parisian cat with eyeglasses to read his play. . . . Madge Evans is practically only baby star who grew to full-fledged grown-up stardom. Only the other day a young college graduate, name of Jack Coogan, was seeking rôles at the Hollywood casting offices. . . . Otto Kruger is married happily and lengthily (fifteen record years) to Sue MacManamy and has a daughter Otilie Ann, aged six. Otto is great-nevvy of Oom Paul Kruger, oom you all know as quite the Boer in the Boer War. Otto wanted to be a forest ranger when a lad, and lived to buy an entire mountain near Elizabethtown, New York, to save it from the axes of a lumber company. Once stepped into a play of O'Neill's on twenty-four-hour notice, memorizing what he could and extemporizing what he couldn't remember or read off convenient pages of the script pasted in unobtrusive places on the stage. . . . Una Merkel is a fun-loving Covington, Kentucky, product, related to George Washington's mother's family on her mother's side and married to Ronald Burla, aeronautical engi-

*The Films Present Mr. Kruger as a Rambling,
in a New, Hilarious Portrait, and an Hour*

by **BEVERLY**

neer. Started her picture career as a weepy character; rescued for ultimate fame as comedian just in time. Collects odd hankies. . . . You can blame Houston, Texas, for Ted Healy's birth in 1896. Father was a hotel man. Healy's earliest ambition was to do nothing. Hence he became an actor after prepping for Fordham Law School. Rose to fame by easy stooges, at first using animals, then humans; Howard, Fein, and Howard. Now trying to injunct these, who have left him because of billing differences and whom he used to slap all three with one slap, from appearing in Columbia Comedies. Hope they all kiss and make up again, as Healy needs stooges as comedy needs custard. His favorite reading matter: race-track charts.

★ ★ ½ GIRL FROM MISSOURI

THE PLAYERS: Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Lewis Stone, Patsy Kelly, Alan Mowbray, Clara Blandick, Hale Hamilton, Nat Pendleton. Directed by Jack Conway.

JEAN HARLOW, who first was noticed by the public in Hell's Angels, was before that a receptacle for custard pies on the Hal Roach lot. Lately, with no injustice or slight to her enthusiastically admitted sex appeal, she's been returning to comedy with such continued success that no actress can match her combined allure and comedy ability.

Girl from Missouri shows her, for a change, as a technically good girl. As the daughter of a beer-parlor proprietress intent on getting money at any price—except the loss of her virtue—Miss Harlow's professional virgin is the most sadistically shrewd characterization of the curvier sex since her malicious and bitingly honest Red-Headed Woman. Her burlesque of feminine foibles is so astutely conceived that it seems artless.

Having shown in Red-Headed Woman that a good-looking girl may often lead an easy life and yet, if she is smart, emerge to a fate somewhat more luxurious than the righteous would sanction, she takes, in her latest film, the other side and gleefully exposes the flirt who holds out for the wedding ring. If she were any less of a comédienne, Miss Harlow might very well be considered the sagest realist of the cinema.

Running away from home to join the chorus, she traces her heroine's career with acid accuracy and humor as she climbs the social scale to the marriage with the rich young man she set out to get. That this well cast picture is not entirely successful is due to its few lapses. But there are many delightful moments and a grand performance by surly Patsy Kelly. Lewis Stone, Nat Pendleton, and Lionel Barrymore lend able assistance to Miss Harlow in another of her portrayals of contemporary lassies.

VITAL STATISTICS: Former titles: 100% Pure and Born to Be Kissed. Suggested new titles, if any more are needed: The Daisy Chain, 101% Pure. . . . Jean Harlow was born Harlean Carpenter in Kansas City, Missouri. Her blue eyes are real; so's the platinum in her hair; the hair which put Hollywood on the platinum standard. Claims descent from Edgar Allan Poe, and in school excelled in mathematics. Her mother knows her as "Baby." Is strictly unvampirish in real life but is generous, beautifully molded, unstinted in showing her all to the camera, and fond of a box of chocolates in a hammock with a book. Decidedly unlucky in love, her three marriages—to Charles McGrew, playboy; Paul Bern, ill-starred executive; and Hal Rosson, cameraman—have ended disastrously. Recent rumors pairing her with Max Baer, playboy troglodyte, labeled "hokey." There is nothing but a deep friendship. Much made over casting of Franchot Tone in picture, sister-on-the-MGM-lot Joan Crawford supposedly displaying jealous tantrums. Tone-deaf to rumors of Harlow swiping him from Joan. His ardor for Joan increases daily, the shoulder birdies whisper. . . .



Madge Evans, Otto

GLEEFUL, GAWKY

*Romantic Reporter, Miss Harlow at Her Best
or So of a Strangely Boyish Mr. Bancroft*

HILLS

Fan-mag writer recently peered in crystal and discovered Lionel Barrymore the ideal mate for Joan Crawford! Didn't mention how Irene Fenwick Barrymore and Franchot Tone paired off! . . . Lewis Stone's mother, Lucy Stone, is not the champion of the Lucy Stone League. Lewis served in the Spanish-American War, and was a major in the Great One. First screen part was in Honor's Altar (1915) opposite Bessie Barriscale. . . . Patsy Kelly is recruited from Hal Roach comedy rôles (the Todd-Kelly series). . . . Hale Hamilton was the original matinee idol and is married to Grace La Rue of the floppy hats and exquisite dances. . . . Nat Pendleton was captain of the Columbia University wrestling team; inter-collegiate heavyweight wrestling champ; world's heavyweight amateur champ in 1925.

★ ELMER AND ELSIE

THE PLAYERS: George Bancroft, Frances Fuller, Roscoe Karns, George Barbier, Nella Walker, Albert Conti. Directed by Gilbert Pratt.

ELMER AND ELSIE evidently was never intended to be any great shakes of a picture, but we have a sneaking suspicion that the finished product is even somewhat lower than its intent.

Authored by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, two of Broadway's brightest playwrights, it goes on at great length to show that while man may run the world, woman runs man. Not that the characters in this run the world. They are, in fact, no more than a truck driver and the owner of a small piano factory. Elmer and Elsie

discloses how they meet success in their respective jobs due to the hidden help of loving wives.

If you can stand an hour or so of George Bancroft being cute and gawker than any of Booth Tarkington's adolescents, the film may prove to you that men are, after all, just grown-up boys. Still, it would be rather strange if they were anything else.

VITAL STATISTICS: Paramount, who owned silent rights to Ladies First, Kaufman-Connelly play from which film was made, had to purchase dialogue rights from authors. And writers talk of starving to death in garrets! . . . Evangelist-looking George Bancroft is attempting comeback. In his teens served on U. S. S.

Baltimore as sailor under Dewey at Manila. After Spanish-American War was awarded an Annapolis appointment for swimming under water and analyzing damage to U. S. S. Oregon which had just got a jagged hole on a reef. Resigned from the Naval Academy to go on stage. Was Broadway matinee idol later. Became Hollywood's first smiling villain. Best known screen rôle: The Rough Riders' "bad mans." Is happily married to an ex-vodviyan who wakes him up by pouring a glass of orange juice down his throat. Is now free-lancing; had a hard time reducing double chin for Elmer. . . . Frances Fuller is a Charleston, South Carolina, gal and convent- and dramatic-schooled. Got real break in leading rôle for Front Page on stage. Is married to Worthington Miner, RKO director. Happily. Is fresh, diminutive, and charming. . . . Roscoe Karns graduated from the brass-buttoned uniform of the Harvard Military Academy at Los Angeles to the brass buttons of a movie usher's job and thus by easy stages to the stage itself. Was once Marjorie Rambeau's leading stage man. . . . George Barbier has played over 750 rôles in his life. . . . Georgette Bancroft, seventeen, makes film début as extra in this picture with no help from her famous father. He wants her to make good on her own hook.

HOLLYWOOD STICKS OUT ITS CHIN

MAE WEST'S latest, *It Ain't No Sin*, has been finished for some time, but there's no telling when it will be released, or what it will look like after the

George Bancroft in
Elmer and Elsie—
with Frances Fuller



censors get through theirbutchering. Nor will the title be *It Ain't No Sin*, for the censors object to the word, "It." To please them, the picture was called *St. Louis Woman*, but the good ladies of St. Louis

raised such loud wails that Paramount sped southward and attempted to label the film *The Belle of New Orleans*. The women's clubs of that colorful town threatened to close every local theater which exhibited *La West*.

Now Paramount is going to call it *The Belle of the Nineties*. They haven't heard from the Spanish War veterans yet.

This is typical of what is going on in Hollywood today. The censors have the town scared stiff.

And who are these fearful censors?

They are, believe it or not, a group which is, for the most part, paid by the studios themselves. Every large city and state has its censorship board. For looking at films, these people are given from two to ten dollars a reel by the studios.

Some years ago Hollywood organized The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, a body to maintain decency in pictures. But this was not enough for the censors.

Bending over backward in their efforts to please every one, the studios financed censors for any town or state that asked.

Busybodies jumped into the fertile censorship racket, earning themselves an easy living. In return, they are attempting to kill the industry which feeds them. Hollywood has been out of its infancy for some time and it should awaken to this.

Hollywood is not out to make dirty pictures. It's in the business to make money, and can deliver, with a higher general standard than any place in the world, pictures to please the public. As Mr. Arthur L. Mayer wrote in the July 21 issue of *Liberty*, "The public won't support good pictures."

If the American people want better pictures, it is time they stopped picking on Hollywood and took stock of themselves.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie.

Toe-Holds on

Being the Hilarious Tale of a Blonde Goddess of the Chase (and How!) Who Proved that All's Fair in Love and the Wrestling Racket

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BANG! The big idea burst in my buzzer just like a skyrocket with parachute balls at a county fair. Inspirations explode that way in my think pan. Every time I've been thrown through the ropes and half croaked and come crawling back woozy in the ring I get a bigger-and-better one. Like this time.

My stable of neck twisters, kidney knucklers, and toe

torturers had gone spavined. First, Herbie Metherringham, alias the Battering Bull, my heavyweight palooka, got cooped in the hoosegow in Jackson, Michigan, for punishing a noisy burgher who made up half the audience at one of the Wednesday-night shows. Over at Lansing, the Canelli brothers from Yonkers, alias Texas Tornado and Pasha al-Morocco, struck for some pay, and there I'd been giving them board and room for eight weeks. And transportation too. They was punks.

That left me only one hairy ape, Loyal Rowe by name and the Kansas Kid by moniker. Welterweight, but he carried none of it above his neck—just a vacuum. The two of us moved back to Jackson, Michigan, and put up at a hotel so near the railroad tracks we used the locomotive smokestacks for cuspidors. For two days we curdled there, trying to get a shot at another of those Wednesday-night torture fests at the Jackson County Fair grounds.

And then, presto! lying crossway on the bed of that two-by-four room, came that big idea I was telling you about.

"Kid," I said, "in this wrestling game you've heard of the Turkish Bey, ain't you?"

"We twisted each other in square knots at Dubuque," the Kid said. "For ten dollars. He told me during the second fall he came from Salinas, California."

"And the Russian Duke?" I said. "And Lord Algy, the nobleman who wrestles in top hat and monocle?"



Artemis

by

HOWARD R. MARSH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

Over in the corner Milly sat. She was biting real hard at her fingers. Once or twice she screamed a little when the punishment got too bad.



"Sure," he said. "We gouged each other five years ago, when he was only the Royal Roumanian. What you driving at, chief?"

"And the Gilded Greek? And the official hangman of Denmark—I forget his name? You know them guys, eh, Kid?" I said. "But you never wrestled," I said—and I stopped to let it soak into that yellow sponge he calls his head—"you never wrestled an Amazon!"

He felt the snap in my voice and he tried to look wise. "Nope," he said, "the only Indian was Chief Cutback, that Yiddish heavyweight."

"Amazon," I said, "ain't any Indian. It's a woman. You never wrestled a woman," I said.

Then he got ready to fire off some wise crack and I jumped out of bed.

"Listen," I said. "Wipe up on that! This ain't no burlesque and it ain't anything dirty. It's gonna be clean. Just a clean novelty. Of course we can advertise her as a man-hater and sex-octagonism or something they call it, but she's going to be decent and she's going to wear two bathing suits at least. Maybe three. And a rubber one underneath and maybe a suit of mail.

"We advertise clean. We put a good strong decent woman in the ring, and she wins the first fall in twenty-two minutes with a hammer lock," I said, my mind running like an excited soda-water siphon. "And you win the second fall in two minutes with a toe hold which makes her scream with mortal agony. One full minute of screaming before she faints. Wow! How the crowd will hate you! She slinks into her corner and crouches like a wild tigress, and the suckers yell for your blood.

"SHE bites and pulls your hair in the last fall," I said. "She's just the primitive woman again. Wow! She scratches your face and shakes you by the ears and tries to claw your eyes out. That fall lasts twenty-six minutes, which makes up the fifty. She wins standing up, one heel in your left eye and the other sunk in your solar plexus, standing there triumphant like the Statue of Liberty. And will it wow them! Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! Can't you see it, Kid? Can't you see it?"

"Sure. I can even feel it."

"Good for you, Kid! And you gotta be careful not to tear even her outside layer of bathing suits," I said. "You gotta be careful."

"Sure," he said. "Who is she?"

That flat-tired me a jiff, but I reflexed quick. "I'll find her," I said. "But first I'm going to the police chief and then the wrestling board and show 'em I'm on the square in this. Say, I could put up a hundred-thousand-dollar bond and make it back in a month

if I had to! Her name," I told the Kid, inspiration still two-timing me, "will be Artemis the Amazon. Artemis, you bloke, was a goddess who came out of the sea and chased deers with a bow and arrow, just like this here new one will chase you around the ring with her finger nails."

Leaving him to get education on that one, I high-gear'd it for the commissioner and the newspaper office.

The tenth one that come in to glim me the next morning was a yard-wide girl with yellow hair and the best-looking one of the lot. She had my advertisement in her hand, which was as big as Strangler Lewis's. That advertisement said: "WANTED: Unusually muscular

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LIB. 8-25

woman to take part in strong act. Good wages and fine treatment guaranteed."

"You the fellow put this in the paper?" she said.

"Yes," I said, and got leery she was a policewoman; but I knew I had it fixed over at the department and that the representatives from the Travelers Aid Society, the Crittenton Home, and the Girls Protective Association had already cross-examined me. But she wasn't no female dick. "What's the name?" I said.

"Millicent Hinckley," she said. "The Hinckleys from Torpid Center."

"Are you strong?" I said.

"NOT very," she said, and reached over and caught me by my belt buckle and lifted me up in the air, holding me dangling there; "but I can load hay with any man and ride a tractor and drive a four-mule team. The only trouble is," she said while my toes tried to reach the floor, "that there ain't any farm work around here any more. I got two young brothers that gotta go to school. That's why I came to you about this job."

"That's fine, my dear young lady," I said—"my very dear young lady. Now, if you will put me back on the floor I'll ask you some more questions."

Well, I guess I made a mistake with the next question. "Did you ever wrestle?" was all I said, but maybe that word had some funny meaning out in Torpid Center. Anyway, I thought that three of those locomotives that had been blowing smoke and cinders into my room had jumped the track and come right inside. When I got able to think again I was in the left-hand corner of the room and on top of me was the upside-down bed; two chairs, and all the crockery which a hotel room without bath generally contains. Even the picture of Lee at Appomattox was off the wall and my head was stuck right through the middle of it. But I jerked it off my neck real quick when I heard Milly go through the door. She didn't open it—just walked right through carrying it with her.

Something told me that my chance of a lifetime was stomping down the hall, and believe me I'm man enough to take after her. Down in the lobby, while the manager, the janitor, and the one bell boy horned in trying to offer me bills for broken furniture and doors, I explained to Milly that I wasn't insulting her.

Believe it or not, when I get started I'm some soft-soaper. I can make tears come to the eyes of a potato and I can make a crossroads J. P. in Kansas believe I'm telling the truth. When I get my heart and soul generating with a good timer, no one can stop me. It didn't take me twenty minutes to persuade Milly that she had a glorious future in front of her; that wrestling was the cleanest game in the world. Of course the fifty dollars a night I offered, and mention



of her two little brothers may have had something to do with it.

She sure was happy that morning looking over a mail-order catalogue for reinforced bathing suits while I was out giving the big news to Sol Cohen, the promoter, and all the newspaper guys.

The Kansas Kid, they told me, spent the whole morning outside the hotel, his fair face pressed against the lobby window. They said he was looking mostly at Milly's finger nails. . . .

WE wowed them a million all right. When Milly climbed into the ring she was a knockout. Blue bathing suit, yellow hair with a blue band around it, yellow slippers—she sure made a picture which would knock Hollywood for a row of loops. Sure she's big, but she's sinewy like a race horse; maybe she ain't a ballet dancer, but she ain't no truck driver either. She's a regular Venice—who's the big goddess of beauty, ain't she?

When the paying mob let out a cheer, Milly wanted to beat it and not go on with the act. But I had her two little brothers ready for that. They was in the front row and they popped out, "Good for you, Milly!" And Milly blinked, swallowed hard, and sat down in her corner.

It wasn't the Kansas Kid's fault that match was a natural, 'cause he was always backing away or playing tag-you're-it with Milly, afraid to touch her like she was poison ivy. And it wasn't her fault, either; 'cause what she knew about wrestling even after a week's rehearsal was absolutely nix. Besides, when the Kid got the toe-hold on her in the second fall she only screamed ten seconds before she fainted, and she never put in

The next day I sent Milly to the hospital to visit both the boys. She had long talks with each of them.



the mortal-agony expression every wrestler has gotta learn with pounding the floor like a dying fish. The thing was a knock-over because of just one man—and that's me. I sure am a psychologist and I sure rated that crowd. When Milly picked up the Kid in twenty-two and a half minutes of the last fall, swung him around her head, and dumped him, she could have had the City Hall—which ain't much in Jackson, Michigan, seeing it's only a rented office. But she could have been mayor too.

SOL COHEN was so mad for not thinking of the Amazon stuff himself that he got generous and offered me two hundred berries for Milly and the Kid for the next Wednesday night, and I compromised at four-fifty plus a week's expenses. For one grand I offered to let the Kid win from Milly and take our chances on saving his life from the customers; but Sol said he couldn't have his chairs broken up that way.

Right there was one fly in the custard pie. Milly always had to win, which meant that two stands in any town was all the local gazebos would fork up for. At that they got their money's worth, because Milly learned how to groan and twist and pound the mat in pain and torture like a professional, and the Kid always could

do that better than he could wrestle. And he could bounce on his head like a rubber ball, which he always did in about forty-nine minutes and passed out with concussion of the so-called brain. The first match in every town we had an ambulance waiting to increase the excitement.

The second fly in the pie was a green one. It showed itself over at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Maybe it had been buzzing before, but I didn't hear it till that night. It was during the second fall and the Kid had his toe hold. He was leaning close to Milly's tortured face. "Gee," he said, "I ain't really hurting, am I, Milly?"

"Naw," she said.

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world," he said.

"Course you wouldn't," she said.

"I think you're great," he said.

"You're quite a boy yourself," she said. "You're so gentle."

"Naw," he said. "What I mean is I think you're wonderful and pretty and nice and— Oh, hell, I'm nuts about you!"

"It's time for me to scream, ain't it?" Milly said. "It's been 'most two minutes. Tighten up on my toe, Kid!"

"Aw, hell!" he said, but he pretended to twist and push like he was breaking her leg, and Milly's face got more tortured, and then she screamed and then she fainted.

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So did I. Almost, I mean. Those two making love out there in the middle of the ring with three thousand pay customers watching! Can you tie that? Ruining an A-1 act that netted us four hundred berries a week by getting soft on each other! I sent the Kid back to the sticks that night, and I kinda hated to do it 'cause he was the only one who'd stuck by me. But a softy like him couldn't even pretend to make Milly suffer, not after he fell for her. . . .

Tony Canelli, alias Pasha al-Morocco, was tickled to death when I wired him money to come, and by Saturday night he was better in the act than the Kid ever was, 'cause he was rougher with Milly and she got rougher, too. His long hair ('cause he was Pasha al-Morocco) gave her something to pull and she lifted him from his feet with it. He came out of that mill without any hide on his face and some teeth marks on his wrists. And the crowd came out full of enthusiasm, so we decided we could put on a third shekel-fest.

IN between something happened to Tony Canelli. Maybe it was during rehearsals. I was giving 'em some new little tricks, such as Tony pounding Milly's head on the mat and Milly kicking him under the chin, and they worked hard for Saturday night. But when the time came Tony was rotten. He pulled all his punches and he acted like he was afraid to even pinch Milly. Then, during that second toe-hold fall, it happened again. Soft stuff, I mean.

"Say, Milly," he said, pulling real tender at her foot, "let's cut out this racket. Let's you and me get hitched and go back to Yonkers. Five of my brothers is in the fruit business and they'll take me in."

"What about the chief?" she said.

"To hell with him!" Tony said. "He ain't got no right to butt in. I've fallen heavy for you, Milly. Honest. You're a regular goddess, like they advertise. I'll work my hands to the bone for you, Milly, and I'll murder a guy or anything if you say blooey.

Your eyes are blue like the ocean and your hair is like the sunshine and you're a darb," he said.

That was enough for me. Referee or no referee, I walked from Milly's corner and gave Tony a fat kick to remind him where he was. Then Milly began to scream and then she fainted. But the pay crowd was talking to itself and getting ready to yell "Fake!" and I could see my mint closing its doors.

Did I give Milly hell or didn't I! And did I rampse up and down Tony!

"Listen," I said. "You go in there and get rough this time or you sleep in the street," I said. "You soft little punk, you! I've got a notion to have you arrested for taking money under false pretenses. You gotta pound Milly's head on the mat this fall, and if you don't pound it heavy you're done, see? I'll kick you from here back to your five fruit-selling brothers and you'll look like a pineapple when you get there! Now get busy!"

Tony's got a temper. Also he's got an itching for money, and if he got his fifty for that match he'd have fifty dollars and forty cents—enough, maybe he thought, to take him and Milly back to Yonkers. So he swallowed his tenderness and made a fair-to-so-so show out of that last fall. For the first fifteen minutes, I mean. He got to the part where he was pounding Milly's head on the mat. What I mean, he really pounded. You could hear it thump all over the place, and you could see Milly blinking and looking real surprised. Thump, thump, thump! went her head, and you could almost hear the crowd groan at the punishment she was taking.

Then it happened. Like a Kansas cyclone and a Montana stampede and a subway rush all mixed up, a bozo came climbing over the heads of the pay customers. He was yelling as he

came, and he pitched right through the ropes into the ring. It was the Kansas Kid. His yellow hair was standing up straight and his blue eyes was blazing like a couple of bonfires.

"You dirty devil, you!" he yelled. "I'll show you!" And he grabbed Tony Canelli by the back of the neck and his hair and threw him across the ring. The referee jumped in and tried to elbow the Kid, and so did a couple of cops. I mixed in the free-for-all too, but for a different reason. I winked at the referee and I whispered to the cops and I pulled Milly over to her corner. The cops got out of the ring and the referee winked back at me, figuring it was a put-up job. Honest to Mike it wasn't. No one in the whole wrestling game ever put up such a job as that. It just couldn't be done. It was a natural.

The Kansas Kid was in there to make mincemeat out of Tony because Tony had pounded poor Milly's head on the mat. Tony looked at me and looked at the referee, begging for help before that Kansas cyclone knocked him cuckoo. But he didn't get no help. From then on he was plenty busy trying to defend himself, and in about thirty-nine seconds he got mad himself, 'cause the Kid wasn't wrestling—he was fighting. He was slugging Tony with his bare fists and once in a while he'd grab the Italian boy by anything that was handy, such as an arm, a leg, or a neck, and throw him into the ropes.

THE Kid lunged, the crowd yelled, and Tony's left eye turned gray like a mouse. The Kid got Tony's head under his arm and punched his nose, and the crowd went wild. Then Tony jerked away and slugged the Kid so hard that he slid on his face half across the ring. He was up again in a split second, and this time he sank his fist in Tony's solar plexus, doubling him up; but as he doubled, Tony jabbed his elbow into the Kid's eye and it began to swell immediate.

This wasn't no sham battle—this was life-and-death. Sure it was! The crowd got the low-down on it, too. At first they was yelling and stamping and going wild. Then they got kinda quiet. That fight up there was too fierce; there was too much hate and blood and murder in it for them to get noisy about. But did they like it!

Over in the corner Milly sat like the beautiful statue she is. But her blue eyes was as big as saucers and she was biting real hard at her fingers. Once or twice she screamed a little when the punishment got too bad.

Tony floored the Kid again with an uppercut that you could hear all over the place. The Kid didn't get up this time but crawled on his hands and



HOWARD R. MARSH

was born in Wisconsin less than 40 years ago. He attended Michigan State University where he says he learned a lot about athletics, dancing and newspaper writing. He has written several hundred short stories under his own name as well as a few novels under a nom de plume.

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"Are you strong?" I said.
"Not very," she said, and reached over and caught me by my belt buckle and lifted me up in the air.

licent Hinckley, alias Artemis the Amazon, was still stretched cold and limp there.

I got the jitters. Honest I did. Suppose they had killed each other! Then I was in for it. It'd take a lot of fixing. Well, they hadn't. They came around all right in about twenty minutes. I treated them each to a room in the hospital, and I made the nurses promise that they would keep the doors locked so that they couldn't get at each other. Then I sat around and waited for the newspapers to come out. After reading them I knew I was on my way to being a millionaire.

THE next day I sent Milly to the hospital to visit both the boys and smile at them and cheer them up. She had long talks with each of them, she told me, and she acted according to my instructions. If she said she did she did, because Milly is honest as a silver dollar. Anyway, it worked out nifty.

We toured Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas that fall, me and Milly and Tony and the Kid. Twice a week the Kid and Tony put on their death grapple. The wildest punching, twisting, and gouging act you ever saw. It wasn't no fake either. There was real murder in it. Sure there was. They was both fighting for Milly. It seems that Milly in the hospital kinda edged in a suggestion as how she didn't know which one she liked best, but maybe if she could watch them in action long enough she could decide which was the winning man. So she watched them twice a week and smiled at both of them with the same amount of sweetness and light.

News of my two fighting panthers went ahead of me and I got the best bookings in the corn belt. Fifteen grand I cleared up in three months. Then the show has to blow up. You can't trust these wrestlers. They'll

knees after Tony. And Tony, pretending to back away, suddenly lighted in and kicked the Kid under the jaw. That was too much for the Kansas cyclone. He let out a yell you could hear a mile and threw himself straight at Tony. Tony was off balance after giving that kick, kinda wabbling around with his head down. The two met head on, just like two locomotives on the wrong track at the same time. There was a crack you could hear from here to Frisco when those two skulls met each other. I thought I heard a hollow sound, too. That would be the Kid's head.

They were both unconscious, lying side by side in the ring. The referee didn't know which one to count out. But the crowd didn't care. They cheered and roared and yelled and pushed around the ring and up through the ropes. They was like to smother us. I got the cops to drive them back, and those two nitwits, trying to murder each other for Mil-

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Lib. 8-25

double-cross you sooner or later. Sure they will! There the two of them was getting food in hotels and transportation from me, and all they had to do was to fight to the death twice a week; and yet they double-crossed me.

It was at Topeka. They came into my hotel room together. The Kid had a rusty revolver he had got somewhere and Tony had a banana knife. Just the same they was real agreeable at first.

"Listen, chief," Tony said. "The Kid and I got fed up all of a sudden on trying to kill each other. Someway it don't seem to be getting us anywhere."

"You must have thought of that, Tony," I said, real angry. "It never would have got into the Kid's bean."

"Yep," Tony said; "I thought of it. Here we are banging each other around twice a week. Milly said she wanted to find the best man. Now it's come to a show-down. We ain't going to kill each other any more, are we, Kid?" The Kid shook his head, and Tony said, "We want you to bring Milly in here and let her decide right now which is the best man. Ain't that so, Kid?"

THE Kid nodded and raised his gun a little. "Yes," he said. "Bring Milly in and let her decide."

I wasn't going to argue. If Tony had brothers in the fruit business I knew he was good with that knife, and the Kid was plenty dumb enough to let that piece of artillery in his hand go off. I rapped real quick on the door to Milly's room, and when she came, "It's a show-down," I said in a whisper. "Use your head."

When Milly came into the room, the Kid put his gun behind him and Tony slipped the knife up his sleeve. They bumped into each other trying to get her a chair.

"Boys," I said, "here's your judge. But before she tells you which one is the best man I want to do something for both of you. You've earned me a little dough and I'm going to split it with you." I pulled out my wallet and began peeling off bills. "Here's five hundred berries for each of you. If that ain't generosity I sure never heard of any. With that money in your jeans there can't be no hard feelings—win, lose, or draw—can there, boys?"

They both reached real quick for the mazuma and looked pleased as cats.

"All right," I said. "Now you're paid off and we're square, and now Milly will tell you which one is the best man, and everybody will be happy."

Both of those bozos held their breath while Milly opened her pocket-book and took out a score pad. "My record shows," said Milly, "that the Kid won thirteen matches and Mr. Canelli won fifteen. Then there was seven draws when both of you was knocked unconscious or something. That makes Mr. Canelli the best man."

The Kid wilted like old lettuce. Tony was already across the room. He had one arm around Milly's neck and was trying to kiss her.

"Beautiful," he said, "now we get hitched, eh, and go back to Yonkers!"

Milly pushed him away. "Why, Tony," she said, real natural-like, "I couldn't do that. That would make me a bigamist. The chief and I was married the second day I saw him, back in Jackson, Michigan."

Did that floor 'em! Milly and I was on the train for Atlantic City long before those two bozos got their so-called brains working again. Atlantic City is a swell place in winter.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ HOLY DEADLOCK by A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Any one who has ever been, wants to be, or never hopes to be divorced should read this merry tale of the experience of an English couple trying to unscramble their marriage. Just as amusing if laid in this country.

★ ★ ★ DUEL by Ronald Fangen, translated from the Norwegian by Paula Wiking. The Viking Press.

Profound and interesting psychological study of two conflicting personalities and their respective families.

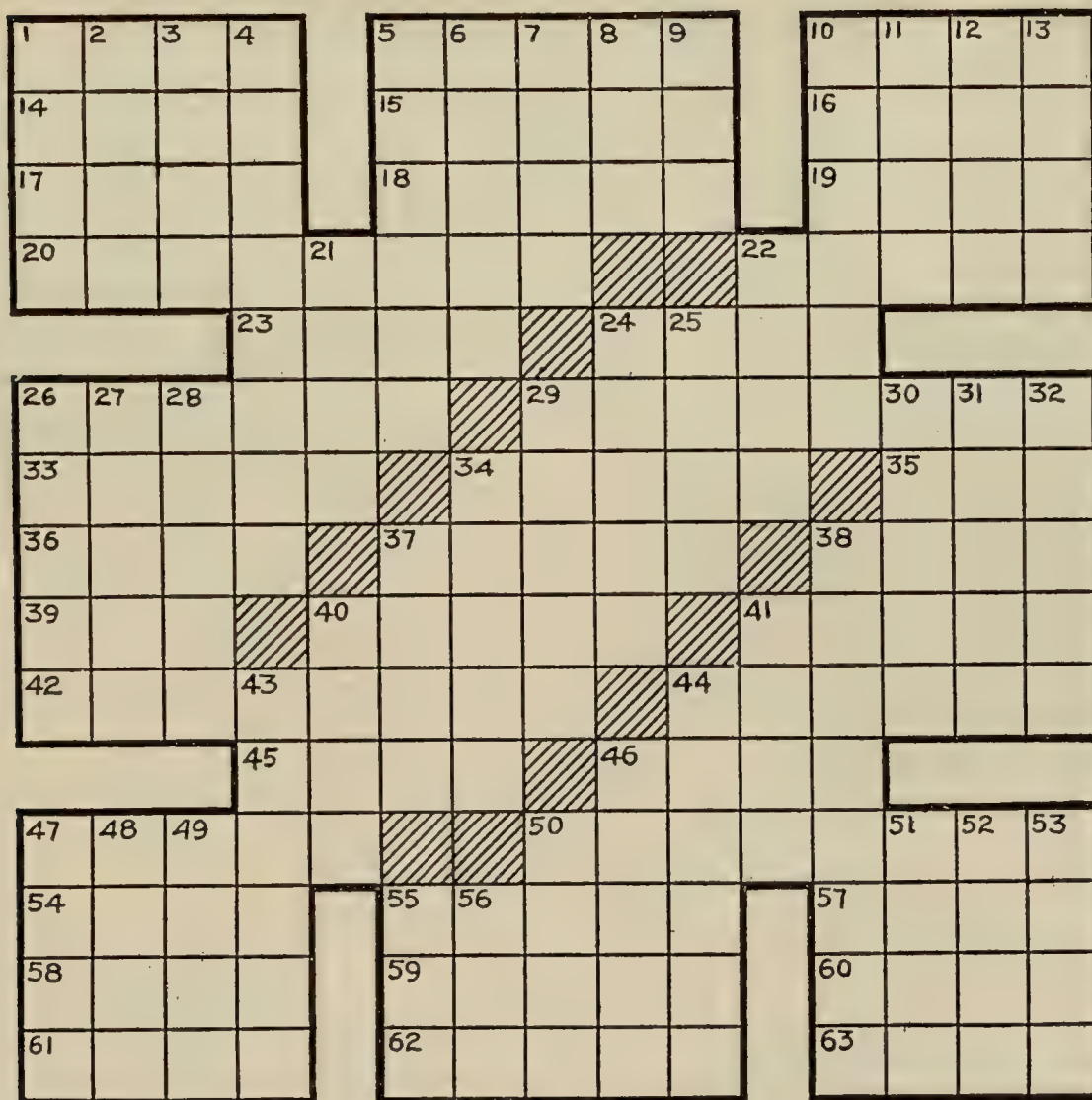
★ ★ OUT WENT THE TAPER by R. C. Ashby. The Macmillan Company.

Here you can sup your full of horrors—a detective murder mystery with a shivery back drop of spirits—"There's only one way to talk to a ghost and that's with a bullet." Read and see if you agree.

★ ★ A REFERENCE TO THE STUDY OF PUBLIC OPINION by Professor Harwood L. Childs, with a preface by Edward L. Bernay. Princeton University Press.

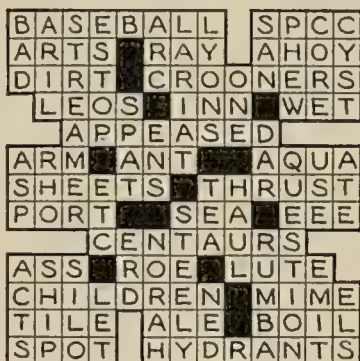
In which a pedagogue and a publicity relations counsel (who is also a nephew of Freud) try to find out how to find out what the public wants—and do very well.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Rave
- 5 To play on a stringed instrument
- 10 An animal's den
- 14 Imitator
- 15 Crest of a mountain range
- 16 Scent
- 17 A kind of bird
- 18 An opinion maintained as true
- 19 Political radicals
- 20 A writer
- 22 A commencement; start
- 23 High pointed hills
- 24 Possessing a rational mind
- 26 Withdraw
- 29 Caps worn by priests
- 33 Set in a row
- 34 Takes a bait
- 35 A southern constellation
- 36 Peal
- 37 Loads
- 38 A small point of land
- 39 Compass point
- 40 Fops
- 41 Elevate
- 42 Made restitution of
- 44 Kept in equilibrium
- 45 Part of a stove
- 46 Seed covering
- 47 A thin crimped stuff
- 50 A kind of nut candy (plural)



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 54 A fruit
- 55 Proof reader's mark
- 57 Part of a church
- 58 Hebrew measure of capacity
- 59 Single
- 60 Broad smile showing teeth
- 61 Lairs
- 62 A king of Phrygia (myth.)
- 63 To preserve in brine

VERTICAL

- 1 A pronged implement
- 2 Genus which includes honeybees
- 3 Snares
- 4 Caring for, as in illness
- 5 Trenchant wit
- 6 A lock
- 7 A tear
- 8 An American Indian
- 9 Encountered
- 10 An insect
- 11 Poems
- 12 A vein, as in a mine
- 13 Formerly (poetic)
- 21 In old time
- 22 Cardinal number (plural)
- 24 Local position (plural)
- 25 The Greek god of war
- 26 More unusual
- 27 Woman's name
- 28 Part of a fork (plural)
- 29 Endured
- 30 Tapestry
- 31 Ascend
- 32 Satisfied to repletion
- 34 A state in Germany
- 37 Entice
- 38 Act of beginning a water voyage (plural)
- 40 Bird of the pigeon kind
- 41 Make turbid
- 43 Inebriates
- 44 Talks idly
- 46 Part of an amphitheater
- 47 Lump of earth
- 48 Congealed vapor
- 49 Word of ratification
- 50 Incite to activity
- 51 City in Japan
- 52 Wickedness
- 53 Dispatched
- 55 Rotating part in machinery
- 56 Mohammed's son-in-law

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

WHISPER IT SOFTLY, BUT—

*The lovely Miss X
of Park Avenue
has..*



IT'S POLITELY CALLED
ATHLETE'S FOOT



You'd never suspect by looking at her, how uncomfortable she is, how utterly ashamed at the very thought of having Athlete's Foot.

Her shame, however, would soon give way to repulsion—if she could only see her condition as the microscope reveals it.

For at work in the flesh between her toes there are billions of unclean fungi—digging and boring away, giving off musty, seeping moisture.

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Folks who live in glass houses should never throw stones.

Before privately indicting your neighbor, examine the skin between your own toes. Does it itch? Does the skin look red, angry? Or white with stickiness? Blisters? Peeling, cracking, sore?

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Sand House

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by NARD JONES

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HIS tiny wet feet glistening, Oliver came hurrying up the beach to his mother.

"My sand house!" the youngster wailed. "I had it all built, and then a man came by in his boat. He came by very fast and the waves came up and washed the house down."

"There! He didn't mean it," Nadine Trevor told her son. "He didn't know about your house or he'd have gone more slowly. You'll have to build another. That's the way to do."

She sent him along with a gentle pat.

"You'll have to build another," she said again, half aloud. "Just as the rest of us do. . . . It won't hurt him to start knowing that early."

She watched Oliver. It was odd, how she could love him this much when she hated his father so. But then, Oliver wasn't like Jim at all.

Perhaps that was why Jim disliked Oliver. Perhaps it angered him to realize that he could domineer everything and every one but had to fail in his own son. Poor Oliver neither feared nor understood his father.

But, Nadine thought, Oliver would fear Jim if he understood him—if he understood him as she did.

She did not remember now just when, at what precise point, she had seen Jim revealed to her. At any rate she knew now that Jim Trevor seemed to live in order that he might torture people, and his wife most of all.

She did not mind so much, now, for herself. But when she saw Jim directing his cold courteous attention to some one else—to, for instance, Philip Haynes—

How foolish it had been for Phil to come to Crescent Lake, even at Jim's invitation. Yet it was like Phil Haynes to accept. Even now, at thirty-eight, he was open and boyish and uncomplicated.

Of course he didn't know what Jim had said to Nadine afterward in the cab: "It will be nice to have one of your old loves this summer, won't it, dear?"

Last night Jim had said, "Haynes seems to be falling in love with you again—if he ever fell out. And I must say you are responding beautifully. Just the right amount of restraint to keep him interested."

"That's not true, Jim, and you know it!"

Jim's hatred of Haynes grew almost by the hour. But Phil went on blithely, blunderingly, apparently attracted to Jim Trevor. Once he staged a race with Jim in outboard hydroplanes, and beat him soundly with a nondescript-looking boat he had borrowed. The Crescent Lodge crowd enjoyed the victory hugely, for the domineering Trevor was proud of his prowess as an outboard driver.

Reluctantly Nadine arose from the ground and called to Oliver.

"Are we going to have dinner now?" Oliver wanted to know. His face was happily tired. "I made another house," he told her proudly.

Jim and Phil were waiting impatiently.

"We're anxious to get through with dinner," Phil explained. "You see, Jim's been wild since I beat his Trevor II. Right after dinner he's going to take me out in her and prove she'll do fifty-five."

"But it'll be almost dark," Nadine protested. "I



don't think—" She stopped suddenly, conscious of Jim's cold eyes.

When dinner was over and they had gone she helped Sarah put Oliver to bed, and then she tried to read. But continually between her and the pages of the book there came disturbing images. At length she slammed the book shut and walked out on to the porch.

And then, at what she saw, her heart seemed to stop entirely.

In the midst of a group of frightened men and women was Jim, wet and bedraggled, stumbling toward her slowly.

"Steady, old girl," he said.

"I'm—I'm all right, but Phil—"

One of the men took her arm. "The Trevor II capsized on a turn," he said. "Must have hit Mr. Haynes some way, because Jim says he never came up. Your husband dived for him as long as he could, but—"

Nadine looked straight into Jim's eyes, and then she knew that what she was going to say would be true.

"He killed him! He killed him!"

Then she saw Jim rushing toward her, his eyes wild, and she felt her knees give away.

WHEN she awoke two men were standing by her bed. The one she guessed was a doctor; the other Nadine recognized as the sheriff from the town below.

"They told me what you said," the sheriff mentioned gently. "Of course you—you didn't know what you were saying. The shock—"

Nadine jerked upright on the bed. "It's true, every word! He could have hit Phil Haynes with something and then tipped over the boat. He could have done that. He hated him!"

The door swung open and she saw Jim glaring down at her—saw the lust to make still another kill tonight. Brusquely he turned from her to the sheriff. "If you'll walk down to the inlet I'll show you where it happened."

The officer hesitated a moment, then nodded and followed Trevor. Helplessly Nadine looked at the doctor. "I've got to make them see he's lying." Brushing aside his protesting gesture, she hurried from the room and followed the crowd with Jim and the sheriff at its head. She heard Jim talking:

"We'd just hit the neck of the inlet and I was going to bring her around in a quick turn. I guess we were going faster than I figured. All of a sudden over she goes—so quick I didn't know what happened."

Nadine edged around the enthralled crowd, and then something jutting up at her feet distracted her attention. Peering down in the darkness, she let out a tiny cry. "Look! You see, he's lying. The boat wasn't going at high speed at all. Not fast enough to capsize. Here's Oliver's sand house right at the edge of the water!"

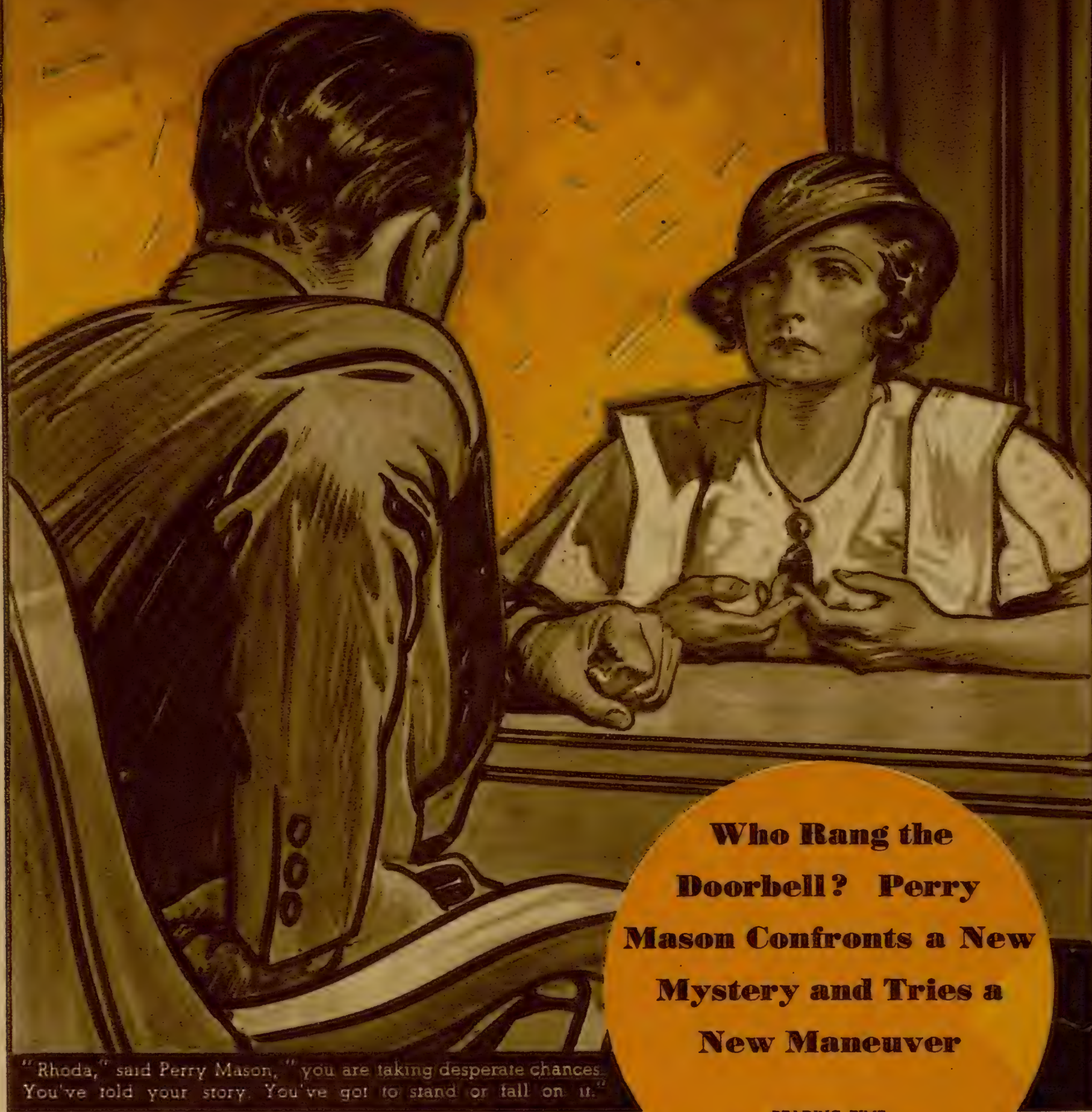
The sheriff turned quickly. He looked at Trevor.

"She's gone crazy!" Trevor growled. "That pile of sand could've been put there in the last five minutes."

The sheriff bent down and poked at it.

"No," he said, rising and looking at Jim Trevor. "No, it couldn't. The outside is dry, Mr. Trevor. It's been there at least two hours. I'm going to have one of the men here run a boat through that inlet; and if the wash goes over this you'll need a new story."

THE END



"Rhoda," said Perry Mason, "you are taking desperate chances. You've told your story. You've got to stand or fall on it."

**Who Rang the
Doorbell? Perry
Mason Confronts a New
Mystery and Tries a
New Maneuver**

READING TIME
30 MINUTES 42 SECONDS

The Case of the **C**urious **B**ride

RHODA MONTAINE, wife of the weakling son of a millionaire, faces trial for the murder of Gregory Moxley, arch-swindler of women. Perry Mason, famous criminal lawyer, is to defend her. Rhoda admits to Mason confidentially that she crushed in Moxley's skull with an iron poker in his apartment one night.

by
**ERLE
STANLEY
GARDNER**

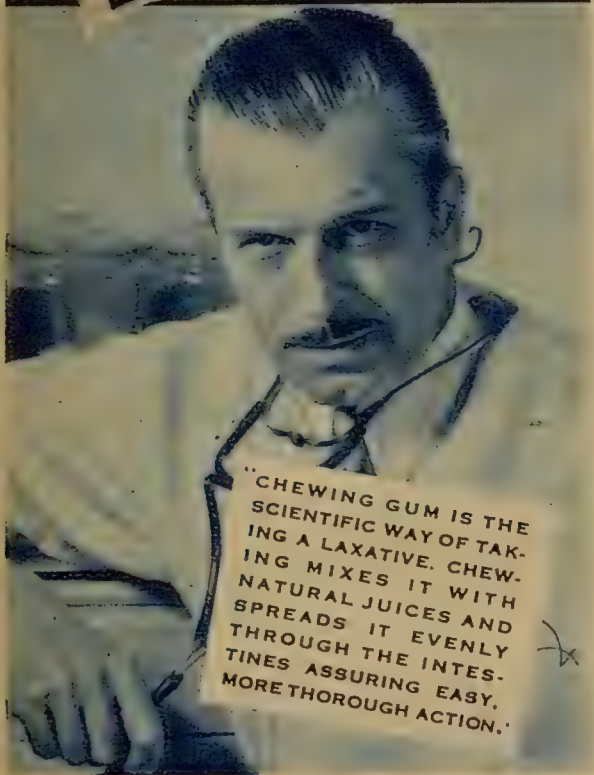
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

She says she married him seven years before and he swindled her of her savings as a trained nurse, then disappeared. When she believed him dead and married Carl W. Montaine, the millionaire's son, she says he reappeared to blackmail her, and in an argument she struck him.

But Perry Mason doesn't believe

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Constipation
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CHEWING GUM —
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CLEANS OUT MY
SYSTEM WONDER-
FULLY — NO BAD
AFTER-EFFECTS.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



"I didn't have to then," she said. "They

her story. He suspects she is trying to shield the actual killer, and with Paul Drake, a private detective, he investigates. The evidence they find is virtually all against Rhoda. Her husband tells Mason she tried to drug him and sneaked out of their home shortly before the murder was committed. Also he identifies a garage key found beside Moxley's body as belonging to his wife. Then Montaine's rich father, C. Philip Montaine, offers Mason a fat legal fee to defend Rhoda if he will agree not to contest a suit to annul his son's marriage to the nurse. Mason suspects a plot to enable the younger Montaine to testify against his wife and refuses.

Rhoda lets herself into a trap when she is arrested. Contrary to Mason's orders, she makes a statement to the district attorney denying the murder charge and declaring she was the person at Moxley's street door ringing his bell, which neighbors heard at the moment he was being slain. Dr. Claude Millsap,

a friend of Rhoda, tells Mason he was the one ringing the bell. Then an operative for Drake overhears Oscar Pender, brother of Doris Freeman, another of Moxley's swindle victims, tell her he was the person at the bell. Mason secretly switches the bell to a buzzer, then goes into court with Rhoda to fight the annulment suit. Carl Montaine is the first witness called.

PART EIGHT—"THE PEOPLE VERSUS RHODA MONTAINE"

CARL MONTAINE, who had been in custody since the date of the murder as a material witness for the prosecution, dug his hand into the shoulder of his father, who occupied a seat at the counsel table immediately adjacent to his son. The boy then marched with steady dignity to the witness stand, held up his right hand, was sworn, and then glanced inquiringly at Lucas.



f-f-f-rightened me so I didn't have to."

"Your name is Carl W. Montaine?"
"Yes."

"You reside here in the city, Mr. Montaine?"
"Yes."

"You are acquainted with the defendant, Rhoda Montaine?"
"Yes."

"Where did you first meet her?"
"At the Sunnyside Hospital. She was employed by me as a nurse."

"You subsequently went through a marriage ceremony with her?"
"Yes."

"Can you give the date of that?"
"The eighth day of June, this year."

Lucas turned to Perry Mason with a wave of his hand.

"You may inquire," he said.
Perry Mason's smile was urbane.

"No questions," he said.
The witness had apparently been carefully coached in anticipation of a rigid cross-examination. Both he and

Lucas looked open-mouthed in surprise.

"That's all," said Judge Munroe sharply. "Step down, Mr. Montaine."

Lucas was on his feet.

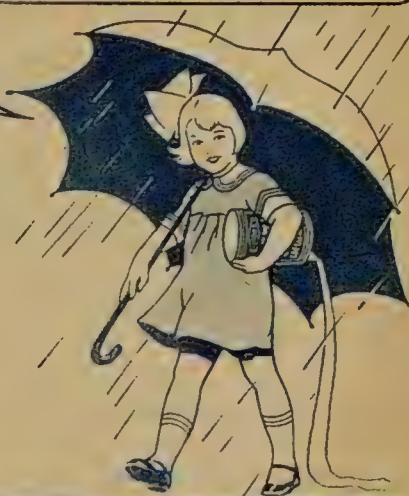
"Your Honor," he said, "under the Code of Civil Procedure we have a right to call the defendant to the stand for cross-examination as an adverse party, and in advance of any examination on the part of her counsel. I therefore desire to call Rhoda Montaine to the witness stand."

"JUST what," asked Perry Mason, "do you expect to prove by this witness?"

Lucas frowned. "I don't believe," he said, "that it is necessary for me to disclose my plan of procedure nor the purpose of my examination."

"In view of the Court's statement," said Perry Mason, "I thought we would stipulate whatever you wished to prove from this witness."

**ONE-THIRD OF OUR
WEATHER IS RAINY!**



Thus it pays to say "Morton's"
when buying salt because
**WHEN IT RAINS,
IT POURS**

Did you know that, on the average, 122 of the year's 365 days are rainy ones? Hence one-third of the time you are apt to be annoyed and humiliated by clogged saltcellars—unless you are careful to say "Morton's" to the grocer when buying salt!

For Morton's is that *different* salt that doesn't choke saltcellars when it rains. Because of its unique cube-shaped crystals, which tumble off one another in damp weather instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of ordinary salt, it pours freely rain or shine! And the iodized variety protects children from simple goiter, too.



"Will you stipulate," said Lucas, his voice harsh, driving, and hostile, "that on the eighth day of June, when the defendant went through the marriage ceremony with Carl Montaine, she had a husband living? That that husband's name was Gregory Lorton, alias Gregory Moxley, who was killed on the morning of June 16 of the present year?"

"I will," said Perry Mason, "stipulate to the marriage ceremony."

Lucas showed surprise.

"I also desire," he said, glancing at the Court, "to interrogate this witness as to the identity of a person who was buried in February of 1929 under the name of Gregory Lorton."

Perry Mason's smile became a grin.

"In view of our stipulation," he said, "that the Gregory Lorton who was married to the defendant in this case was alive at that date, it becomes entirely immaterial in this action who it was that was buried under the name of Gregory Lorton. If you wish to pursue that inquiry in a criminal action, you have your right to do so. And, unfortunately, you also have your right to pursue that inquiry by giving out statements to the newspapers intimating that you suspect this defendant of having poisoned that individual."

Judge Munroe's gavel banged on his desk.

"Counselor," he said to Perry Mason, "your objection is well taken. Your comments were entirely uncalled for. Proceed."

"That," said Lucas, "is our case," and sat down.

Perry Mason said, "Call Mrs. Bessie Holeman to the witness stand."

A young woman of perhaps thirty-two years of age, with tired eyes, strode to the witness stand, held up her right hand, and was sworn before the puzzled John Lucas could recover his composure.

"Did you," asked Perry Mason, "go to the inquest which was held over the remains of Gregory Moxley, alias Gregory Lorton, the man who was killed on the sixteenth day of June of this year?"

"I did."

"Did you see the remains?"

"I did."

"Did you recognize them?"

"Yes."

"Who was the man?"

"He was the man whom I married on the fifth day of January, 1925."

Lucas jumped to his feet.

"Your Honor," he said, "I move to strike out the answer as not responsive to the question, as incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. It makes no difference how many prior marriages this man Moxley might have had before he married Rhoda Montaine. He might have had two dozen previous wives living. That would have made his marriage to Rhoda Montaine voidable. Rhoda Montaine could have filed suit for annulment at any time during his lifetime. She did not. With his death she became a widow. The marriage is not subject to collateral attack."

Perry Mason smiled.

"YOUR Honor will notice," he said, "that I did not stipulate as to other than the marriage ceremony which was performed between Gregory Lorton and the defendant in this action. As it happens, that ceremony was utterly void. The law of this state provides that a subsequent marriage contracted by any person during the life of a former husband or wife of such person with any person other than such former husband or wife is illegal and void from the beginning. In the Estate of Gregorson, 160 Cal., 61, it was held that a void marriage is subject to collateral attack."

"Obviously, Gregory Lorton could not enter into a valid marriage with the defendant in this action as long as Lorton's prior wife was living. Therefore the previous marriage of this defendant, being null and void, was no bar to a subsequent valid marriage to Carl Montaine."

"Motion to strike is denied," said Judge Munroe.

"Did you ever secure a divorce from the man who has

been variously described as Gregory Moxley or Gregory Lorton subsequent to the fifth day of January, 1925?" asked Perry Mason.

"Yes."

Perry Mason unfolded a legal paper, presented it to Lucas with a flourish.

"I show to counsel," he said, "a certified copy of the decree of divorce, and call to the attention of Court and counsel the fact that the decree of divorce was subsequent to the marriage of this defendant to Gregory Lorton. I offer this certified decree in evidence."

"It will be received," Judge Munroe said.

"Cross-examine," announced Perry Mason.

Lucas approached the witness, stared steadily at her, and said, "Are you certain of the identity of this man you saw in the morgue?"

"Yes."

Lucas shrugged his shoulders, said to Judge Munroe, "That is all."

JUDGE MUNROE perused a volume of legal reports, then disposed of the case with a single sentence.

"Judgment," he said, "must be entered for the defendant."

Perry Mason turned to the deputy who had Rhoda Montaine in custody, "I want to take my client into the jury room for consultation. You can sit in the door if you wish."

He took Rhoda Montaine's arm, piloted her into the jury room, held a chair for her, sat across a table from her, and smiled reassuringly.

"What does it all mean?" she asked.

"It means," said Perry Mason, "that Judge Munroe is going to hold that your marriage to Carl Montaine is absolutely valid and binding."

"Then what?" she asked.

"Then," said Perry Mason, pulling the complaint from his pocket, "you are going to sue him for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty, in that he has falsely accused you of murder, in that he has betrayed your confidences, in that he has on numerous times and occasions treated you in a cruel and inhuman manner. I have listed some of those times and occasions in this complaint. All you have to do is to sign it."

Tears came to her eyes.

"But," she said, "I don't want to divorce him. Don't you understand, I make allowances for his character. I tell you, I love him!"

"Rhoda," Perry Mason said in a low voice, "you are taking desperate chances. You've told your story. You've given the district attorney a signed statement. You can't deviate from that story now. You've got to stand or fall on it. So far, the district attorney hasn't been able to uncover the person who actually did stand on the doorstep and ring the doorbell of Moxley's apartment while Moxley was being murdered, but I have uncovered him. I have uncovered two of them. One of them may be lying. On the other hand, both may be telling the truth. The testimony of either one will get you the death penalty."

She stared at him with consternation in her eyes.

"One of them," Perry Mason went on, "is Oscar Pender, a man from Centerville who was trying to get money from Moxley. This money Pender was to get for his sister. Moxley had swindled Pender's sister."

"I don't know anything about him," Rhoda said.

Mason's eyes bored steadily into hers. He said, "The other one is Dr. Claude Millsap. He knew of your appointment with Moxley. He drove to Moxley's house. You were there. The lights were out. He rang the bell. Your car was parked around the corner."

Rhoda Montaine was white to the lips.

"Claude Millsap!" she said in a whisper.

"You got yourself in this mess," Mason told her, "by not doing what I told you. Now you're going to follow instructions. We've won that annulment case. Your husband can't testify against you. The district attorney, however, has given the newspapers signed statements covering your husband's testimony. He's held your husband as a material witness, where I couldn't talk with him; but he's let every newspaperman in town talk with

Carl. Now then, we've got to combat that propaganda. We're going to file this divorce. I've drawn it on the theory that your husband was guilty of cruelty in telling a bunch of lies to the district attorney, lies that linked you with a murder of which you were innocent."

"Then what?" she asked.

"Then," he said, "it's going to make some nice copy for the newspapers. But the main thing is that I'm going to slap a subpoena on Carl Montaine, forcing him to attend at the taking of a deposition. Before the district attorney's office realizes what has happened, I'll be in a position to rip Carl's story to pieces."

"But," she said, "I don't want a divorce from him. I know he has weaknesses. I love him for those weaknesses. I want to make a man out of him."

"Listen," he told her. "I don't care how you feel about Carl. Right at present you're accused of murder. The district attorney is going to try to get the death penalty, and back of the district attorney is a man who has a great deal of intelligence, a great deal of poise, and who is utterly ruthless. He's willing to spend any amount that is necessary to get you convicted and get you a death penalty."

"Whom do you mean?" she asked.

"C. Philip Montaine," he told her.

"Time's up," said the officer in the doorway.

Perry Mason shoved the divorce complaint in front of her, held out his fountain pen.

Her eyes stared appealingly into his.

"Why," she said, "he's Carl's father! He wouldn't—"

"Sign on that line," Mason said.

The officer moved forward.

Rhoda Montaine dashed off her signature, raised tear-moistened eyes to the officer.

"I am ready," she said. . . .

PERRY MASON drummed steadily on the edge of his desk. His eyes rested on Paul Drake's face.

"Your man picked them up at the railroad depot, Paul?"

"Yes. He took the same train they did, wired me from a suburban stop. I had operatives board the train at different points to give him reinforcements. We've kept them in sight ever since."

"I want them kept on the run," Mason said.

"That's what you told me in the message you gave Della Street for me, but I couldn't understand it. I wanted to find out just what it was you wanted."

Mason said slowly, "I want them hounded, I want them frightened, I want them kept on the move. Every time they go to a place and register under assumed names, I want those names."

"I want photographic copies of the hotel registers, and then I want a detective to start making inquiries that will alarm them."

The detective smoked silently for several seconds, then blurted out, "I think you're crazy, Perry! This man Pender must have been on the scene at the time of the murder. He telephoned his sister and admitted that he rang the doorbell of Moxley's apartment at around quarter past two in the morning. He had a motive for killing Moxley. Now, if, instead of getting him on the run, you should have him arrested, he'd make a lot of favorable publicity for Rhoda Montaine. Then the district attorney would be in a spot. You could demand that Pender be arrested. You could demand that the district attorney call him as a witness."

"Then what?"

"Why, then," Drake said, "you'd have him before the jury and you could rip him to pieces. You could show that he came here to get money out of Moxley; that he did it by making threats. You could make him either admit that he was on the scene of the murder at about the time it happened, or else you could impeach him by showing the conversation he had with his sister. You could show the way he treated my operative."

Mason smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I could do all of those things, and the district attorney would let Pender testify that he went to Moxley's apartment sometime after two o'clock in the morning; that Moxley had told him he was going to meet

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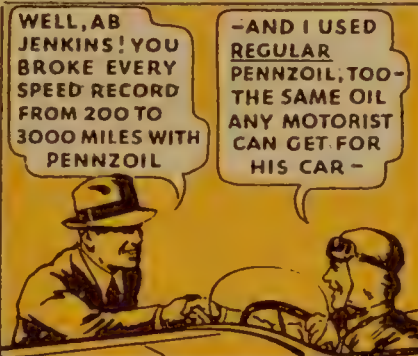
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Rhoda Montaine at two o'clock and that she would have money for him. And Pender would testify that he stood in front of the street door which opened on Moxley's stairway and rang the bell repeatedly and didn't get any answer.

"That would tie in to the testimony of the witnesses who had the apartment in the adjoining apartment house, and by the time Rhoda Montaine got on the witness stand and tried to swear that *she* was the one who was ringing the bell while the murder was being committed, the jury would put her down for a liar. Then the district attorney would dangle that garage key in front of the jury, and Rhoda Montaine would draw a verdict of first-degree murder."

Drake nodded thoughtfully.

"But," he said, "what's the idea of keeping these people on the run?"

"Sooner or later," Mason said, "the district attorney is going to realize the really vital point in this case. Some one *was* standing in front of the street door of Moxley's apartment, ringing the bell, at the very moment the murder was committed. The testimony of the prosecution's main witnesses will establish that. Now, whoever that person was, he or she must be innocent of the murder, because obviously a person can't ring a door bell on a street door and at the same time club a man over the head in an apartment on an upper floor.

"On the other hand, the person who was ringing that doorbell isn't going to be anxious to come forward and admit being in the vicinity of the murder at the time it was committed. But when he is connected with Moxley and discovered by the district attorney, he's going to tell his story eagerly enough. In fact he's got to tell his story; and the district attorney, in order to convict Rhoda Montaine, has got to accept that story.

"Therefore we have two people who are going to fight over that doorbell. One of them will be the person who actually was standing in front of the door, ringing the doorbell; and the other person will be the one who was murdering Moxley at the time the doorbell was ringing. Each of these people will insist that he was the one who rang the doorbell.

"RHODA MONTAINE has been the first one to advance her claim. It is weakened by the presence of her garage keys in Moxley's apartment, but the jury may believe her just the same. If, however, the district attorney gets hold of Pender and Pender tells him his story, I'll have to try to prove to the jury that he is the murderer instead of the one who was really ringing the doorbell. Obviously, if I am forced to cross-examine this man along the usual lines of simply trying to prove he's lying, I'm not going to get very far. The district attorney will have seen that he is coached, and coached carefully. But if I can prove that he fled over the country, using different aliases, leaving places in the dead of

night, as a common criminal, I can brand his testimony as a lie.

"Now, that's what I'm doing with Oscar Pender and, incidentally, with his sister. I'm giving them an opportunity to impeach themselves before a jury."

"Then," Drake said, "you intend to let the district attorney discover Pender eventually."

"At the proper moment," Perry Mason said, "I *may* let the district attorney get hold of him. But I want to have it in my power to produce him or not, just as I see fit."

"Then," Drake said slowly, "there will be *two* people who will claim to have been on the scene of the murder ringing that doorbell. One of them will be the murderer. The other one will be the one who was actually ringing the doorbell. We now have found those two people. One of them is Oscar Pender; the other one is Rhoda Montaine. Therefore one of these people must be guilty of the murder."

A slow smile twisted Perry Mason's countenance.

"THERE are *three* people who claim to have rung that doorbell," he said.

"Three?" the detective asked in surprise. "Who's the other one?"

"I can't tell you, Paul. I can only tell you that he's a person the district attorney knows about. So far, the district attorney hasn't been able to get any admissions from him because this man is trying to protect Rhoda. Sooner or later they'll drag his story from him. That's going to put Rhoda in an awful spot.

"Then the district attorney will bear down heavy on the points that I've brought out, and *then* is when I will produce Oscar Pender. Then is when I will show his guilty conduct. Then is when I will show his motive. Then is when I will mix the whole case up so badly the district attorney won't know what it's all about and the jury will get so hopelessly confused they'll let the two men fight it out and acquit the woman."

Drake stared thoughtfully at his cigarette. "Some one else is looking for Pender," he said.

"How do you know?"

"We've had men watching the hotel where Pender stayed and the apartment his sister occupied. Yesterday evening a bunch of detectives swarmed all over both places trying to find where Pender and his sister were."

"Police detectives?" Mason asked.

"No; they were agency detectives. They seemed anxious to keep their activities secret from the police."

Perry Mason's eyes narrowed.

"C. Philip Montaine," he said, "is a dangerous antagonist. I think he realizes something of what I have in mind. I don't know how he got on Pender's trail. Perhaps it was the same way you did, Paul."

Drake said slowly, "You think old Montaine is working up this case independently of the district attorney?"

"I'm virtually certain of it. He wants to keep Rhoda Montaine from being acquitted. If she is acquitted she'll be his son's legal wife, and I think we'll find C. Philip Montaine has some very definite plans for his son's matrimonial future."

The detective gave a low whistle.

After a moment of thoughtful silence he said, "Perry, where do you suppose Oscar Pender really was at the time Gregory Moxley was being murdered?"

"There's just a chance," Mason said, "that he actually was standing at the street door, ringing the bell."

"You don't seem to have a great deal of confidence in your client's innocence," Drake said.

It was at that moment that Della Street opened the door, slipped into the room, glanced significantly at Paul Drake, and said to Perry Mason, "Mabel Strickland, Dr. Millsap's nurse, is in the outer office. She's crying."

"Crying!" exclaimed Perry Mason.

The secretary nodded.

"She's crying so badly she can hardly see."

Mason frowned, jerked his head toward the corridor door. Drake, taking the hint, slid over the arm of the chair, got to his feet, and said, "Be seeing you later, Perry."

When the door closed on the detective, Mason nodded to Della Street.

"Show her in," he said.

Mabel Strickland was crying as though her heart would break. Her shoulders were heaving spasmodically. Her eyes streamed tears down her cheeks. Della Street piloted her into the office, guided her to a chair, then slipped out.

"What is it?" asked Perry Mason.

"You put Dr. Millsap on the spot," she sobbed.

"What happened to him?" Mason asked.

"He was kidnaped."

"Kidnaped!"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it," the lawyer said, his eyes wary and watchful.

"WE had been working late at the office last night," she said—"almost until midnight. He was going to drive me home. We were driving along in the car when another car crowded us in to the curb. There were two men in it. They had guns. They told Dr. Millsap to get in the car with them and then they drove off."

"What kind of a car?" Mason asked.

"A sedan."

"Did you get the license number?"

"No."

"What color was it?"

"Black."

"Did the men say anything to you?"

"No."

"Had they made any demands on you?"

"No."

"Did you report to the authorities?"

"Yes. I telephoned them for help." "What happened?" the lawyer asked.

"The police came out and talked with me, and went out to the place where our car had been stopped. They looked around but couldn't find anything."

"Then they made a report to headquarters, and then, apparently, the district attorney thought you had done it."

"Thought I had done what?" Mason asked.

"Grabbed Dr. Millsap, so that he couldn't testify against your client at the trial."

"Was he going to testify against her?"

"I don't know anything about it. All I know is what the district attorney thought."

"HOW do you know what he thought?"

"Because of the questions he asked me."

"Were you frightened?" asked Perry Mason.

"Yes, of course."

"What kind of guns did the kidnapers have?"

"Automatics. Big black automatics."

Perry Mason got up from his desk, walked to the doors, made certain they were closed, then started pacing the office.

"Look here," he said slowly. "Dr. Millsap didn't want to testify."

"Didn't he?"

"You know he didn't."

"Do I?"

"I think you do."

"Well, that's got nothing to do with his being kidnaped, has it?"

"I don't know," Perry Mason said thoughtfully. "I told him to take a sea trip for his health."

"But he couldn't. The district attorney got him and tried to get something out of him."

Mason nodded. He strode up and down the office, watching the girl's quivering shoulders. Abruptly he reached forward and snatched the handkerchief out of her hand. He raised it to his nostrils, took a deep inhalation.

She jumped to her feet. The lawyer brushed the back of his hand across his eyes and laughed grimly. There were tears in his own eyes—tears that commenced to trickle down his cheeks.

"So that's it, is it?" he said. "You dropped a little tear gas into your handkerchief before you came into my office!"

She said nothing.

"Did you," asked Mason, staring at her with tear-streaked eyes, "drop some tear gas in your handkerchief when you talked with the police?"

"I didn't have to then," she said, her voice catching in a sob. "They f-f-frightened me so I didn't have to."

"Did the police fall for the story?" Mason inquired.



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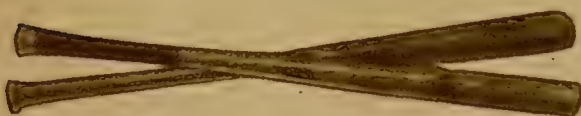
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"I think so, because they thought the men might have been detectives you had employed. They're tracing all of the cars of its style in the city to see if any of them are owned by detectives who might be working for Paul Drake."

Mason stood staring at her.

"Damn this tear gas!" he said. "It blurs my eyes."

"I got too much of it on," she con-
fided.

"Was there any automobile?" he
asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Did any two men crowd you in to
the curb in an automobile, the way
you said?"

"No," she said. "Dr. Millsap just
went away. He wanted you to know
that he wouldn't be a witness at the
trial."

"If anything important develops,"
said Perry Mason slowly, "could you
reach him?"

"If anything important develops,
you could telephone me," she said.
"But be sure that you talk plainly so
I can recognize your voice, because
otherwise I wouldn't believe it was
you."

Perry Mason laughed, groped for a
button on his desk, and pressed it.

Della Street slipped through the
doorway from the outer office.

"Della," said Perry Mason, "guide
Mabel Strickland down to a taxicab."

Della Street gave a gasp.

"My heavens, chief," she said—
"you're crying!"

Perry Mason laughed.

"It's contagious," he told her. . . .

Judge Markham, veteran of a thou-
sand major criminal trials, sat in aus-
tere dignity behind the elaborately
carved mahogany "bench." He stared
down at the crowded courtroom, sur-
veyed the patient masklike counte-
nance of Perry Mason, looked over
to the alert, quivering eagerness of
John Lucas, the trial deputy who had
been selected to represent the rights
of the people.

"The case of the People versus
Rhoda Montaine," he said.

"Ready for the prosecution," Lu-
cas snapped.

"And for the defendant."

RHODA MONTAINE sat by a dep-
uty sheriff. She was clad entirely
in dark brown, relieved only by a
white trimming at her throat and
sleeves. The strain had told upon her
and her manner was nervous. Her
eyes were swift and darting as they
shifted rapidly about the courtroom,
but there was something in the tilt of
her head, something in the set of her
lips, that proclaimed to even the most
casual observer that, regardless of
the strain, she would always retain
her poise and self-possession—that,
even should the verdict of the jury be
that grim specter of death, that deadly
"murder in the first degree," she
would not weaken; that she would not
resort to tears; that she would stand
calmly and take her medicine.

John Lucas stole a glance or two at
the defendant and was puzzled.

This was a dangerous attitude for
an attorney to encourage in a woman
who was accused of murder. Far bet-
ter to coach her to take advantage of all
of the prerogatives of her sex—to be
feminine and weak; to be apparently
on the verge of hysterics. A stern,
capable woman might well commit
murder. A feminine, delicate woman
whose nerves were quivering from
contact with a courtroom would be
less expected to commit the crime of
murder. Very apparently, Lucas sur-
mised, Perry Mason had not coached
his client upon this point. He had
simply allowed her to be her natural
self.

And, despite himself, Lucas real-
ized her gameness, her willingness to
stand up and take it, were compelling
admiration and respect at the hands
of the spectators.

His meditations were interrupted
by the droning of names as the clerk
called men to the jury box.

LUCAS made a brief statement of
the nature of the case, looked up
to Judge Markham.

"Under the law," said Judge Mark-
ham, "the Court is required to ask a
few preliminary questions of the
prospective jurors, touching their
qualifications to act as jurors. Those
questions may be supplemented by
other questions from counsel."

He turned to the jury and went
through a slow, deliberately spoken
ritual which was, so far as the selec-
tion of the jury was concerned, virtu-
ally without meaning.

He asked the jurors, in a tone of
voice which indicated as plainly as
though he had said as much that he
was merely performing a routine and
meaningless chore imposed upon him
by a legislature which had thought
to expedite matters at the expense of
disregarding the practical psychology
of humans, whether they had formed
or expressed any opinion concerning
the merits of the case; whether, if so,
such an opinion would require evi-
dence to remove, or whether, if they
were selected as jurors, such opinion
could be set aside and they could em-
bark upon the trial of the case with a
fair and open mind. As was to be ex-
pected, such questions brought out no
disqualifications. The jurors, listen-
ing to the droning monotone of the
judicial monologue, nodded their
heads in silent acquiescence from time
to time.

Judge Markham turned and ad-
dressed counsel.

"I am aware," he said, "that the
legislature sought to expedite matters
by providing that the Court should
examine prospective jurors, and that
this examination might be supple-
mented by questions asked by counsel.
I am equally aware that, within cer-
tain limits of propriety, an examina-
tion by counsel is far more efficacious
than interrogations by the Court for
the purpose of ascertaining the quali-
fications of jurors. The defense may
inquire."

Judge Markham settled back in his
seat to take the part of a spectator,

61

From Hollywood . . .

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Linguist, Traveler, Lecturer,

BIG blue eyes and golden hair"

That's a line from a popular song of bygone years. It recalls the old-fashioned standard of feminine beauty better than anything else I know. In Hollywood I found a girl who fits it to a T. The English star, Diana Wynyard, is a perfect example.

You can imagine troubadours serenading her under some medieval tower, knights in armor romantically chopping each other to mincemeat for her sake, long-haired poets with velvet sleeves writing ballads about her.

In private life she's like that—a classic blonde, stately and exquisite—the traditional rose-of-England type. I first met her at a Hollywood party. She wore a pale-blue dress, silver slippers were on her feet, a glow of lamplight behind her head. The effect was as marvelous as a dream—a joy to behold. To the famous producer who sat beside me, I turned and said:

"Why don't you make Diana look that way on the screen? She's the most beautiful woman in Hollywood."

"Photography," he replied.

And that is the answer. They haven't quite been able, so far, to get Diana with the cameras. The pictures are indeed a tricky art. It takes a lot of experimenting to learn how certain elements of beauty can be given their full value.

Meanwhile the handsome Miss Wynyard is becoming a Hollywood favorite and a devotee of our California sunshine.

"Every time I revisit England," she told me, "I scorch all my dresses standing in front of the fire to keep warm. Where do I scorch them? Don't ask!"

GROWING pains afflict the parents of juvenile stars. I heard one Hollywood father say: "My boy has grown himself out of three fine jobs during the past year. By the time the studio gets half through taking a picture with him in it, he's a couple of inches taller and ten or fifteen pounds heavier than he was when they picked him for the part."

Infant stars are worse. They sprout up even faster. Suppose the production calls for a child too young to walk or talk. The studio hires one of that age. But before they have the picture done, baby is toddling and prattling all over the lot. When Baby LeRoy was found through a contest and his first contract was drawn up, one of the stipulations was that the child must not learn to walk or talk for at least three months.

Nature makes a lot of trouble for the moving-picture business.

MEMORIES of Rudolf Valentino are ever green in Hollywood. I heard an unusual story about him from Mrs. Claus Spreckels, wife of the sugar millionaire.

"Valentino came to see us," she said, "soon after he arrived here from Italy. He told us he had studied at an Italian school of agriculture, and thought we might have work for him on our sugar-beet farm. But his manners were so elegant that we couldn't see him as a farm hand. I took him to a dance. He was very poor. The elbows of his shabby suit were conspicuously thread-

bare. Yet every woman at the dance asked me who he was."

Mrs. Spreckels's mother befriended him. He declared she would be the first person to ride with him in his automobile—if he ever could afford one. Sure enough, he turned up one day driving a junky old secondhand car. It was the earliest sign of his coming success—he had just been chosen to play in a picture with Nazimova—and there he was, rattling along in a boyish hurry to give the lady her promised ride.



DIANA WYNYARD

SOME of the loveliest screen clothes are absolute torture to wear. Into one of Jeanette MacDonald's Merry Widow dresses went fifteen yards of heavy black velvet and thirty yards of tulle. Into all that went La MacDonald. I watched her suffer.

"It's breaking my back," she sighed. "And the corsets are killing me."

Two attendants brought a weird contraption for her to rest on between scenes. They tipped the thing on end. She backed herself against it, gripping handles at the sides.

She was then lowered to a horizontal position. In her distressing attire she couldn't have reclined any other way.

Jeanette isn't the only martyr to such artistic persecutions. Constance Bennett achieves her slinky silhouette by loading her legs with lead. Under her gown she wears a tight silk sheath with lead weights sewn on it from hip to hem.

Lead undies are also worn by several other stars.

WEAVERS on Catalina Island make grass-cloth fabrics in bold attractive plaids of yellow, orange, turquoise. Catalina potters turn out chinaware in the same vivid hues. A handsome variety of table glass—blue and white spirals going round and round the goblets—is manufactured in San Francisco. These products are made and sold locally.

I like them. I like the idea of small home industries. California has some excellent ones. They are a credit to the state.

CERTAIN wise men of literature have said that a story is neither better nor worse because it happens to be true. They say the story is what counts—not the truth of it.

No doubt they are right. I don't know much about literature. But I know I can't help being glad that this story is true:

The hero was on a train. The train stopped at a Mid-Western town. A boy came in selling local papers. The hero bought one and turned to the social notes. All of a sudden he jumped up. He ran for the door.

"Quick with my bags!" he yelled to the porter. "I'm getting off."

"Why, boss," said the bewildered porter, "Ah thought you wuz goin' through to New Yawk."

"Thought so, too," said the hero. "But I'm not. My rainbow ends right here."

Cryptic words. Mysterious hero. Plain enough, however, when you know the rest of the plot. In the social notes of that local newspaper he had seen an item about a

... to the Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

and Authority on Fashion

girl. It said she was there visiting friends. She was our hero's wife—his ex-wife, I should say. They had quarreled and divorced. Both in love with each other, both too stubborn to attempt a reconciliation. The shock of finding himself brought so near to her by purest chance—that woke him up. He acted on the impulse. That's why I call him a hero. And he won. She took him back.

SIDEWALK restaurants, if they find favor generally throughout America as they have in New York, may bring us surprising changes of national habit and character. At a sidewalk restaurant you eat a leisurely repast. You may not intend to slow the tempo of your dining, but you do it just the same. The diversions get you. You feel a novel touch of gayety, the fresh air soothes, the world walks by, and there are you eating your good dinner at your ease while less enlightened citizens hurry up and down the street. Eating out of doors improves the digestion, I believe, and I am sure it improves the temper. Snappish couples don't bicker so much. Bored couples can entertain themselves with remarks about the people who pass by.

Feed us at sidewalk restaurants and possibly we Americans will turn from haste and hash to the delicacies of deliberation. The change might put Reno on the bum. You never can tell.

A LITTLE girl, two years old, disappeared from the European village where she lived. The whole town went searching for her. After forty-eight hours they found her far up the mountain side, happily seated on a grassy knoll beside a pool of water. All around her were chewed roots, flowers, weeds, and grass. She had dug them, eaten them.

Her rescuers asked her how she had wandered so far. *The tall lady in black*, she said, had led her there and taken care of her. The child's mother explained that the little girl had talked before of a mysterious lady in black—a lady who came from the mountains and sat in the garden where the baby played. The black lady didn't exist—except in the child's imagination. Science probes many wonders—but who could hope to fathom the strange and primitive inventions created by the mind of a child?

The little girl of the above adventure grew up to be a normal woman with no extraordinary imagination. I get the story from her cousin, who lives in this country now.

LAST week I let you in on some of the fur gossip I had learned from Chester D. Judis. Here is the rest of it: Chinchilla fur comes from a very small animal with very strange habits. Its original home was in the mountains of South America. The lady chinchilla is boss. In captivity, if she doesn't like the mate that is given her, why, what does she do but kill him! That is sad news to the chinchilla farmers, because a live chinchilla is worth a lot of money as a breeder. So now the boy and girl chinchillas are kept apart by a glass partition in their cage until she gets used to him. Often this takes her two or three months. Then out comes the glass. Happy ending.

Sawdust is used to clean furs. Oak sawdust for sable, mink, and long-haired skins. Maple sawdust for others. Big fur dyers need so much sawdust they operate mills of their own.

A young man who belongs to a famous Chicago family gave furs worth \$84,000 to a girl he picked up somewhere and knew hardly at all. His folks paid the bill—but



moved the young man right straight into a private asylum.

WOODEN wall paper next. By a new process sheets of real wood can be shaved from the log as thin as silk. Applied to a paper backing, the wood retains all the character of its natural grain. Various woods will be used for wall decoration—silvery aspen, mahogany, walnut, and magnolia wood impregnated with any color you desire—grass green, sky blue, violet.

READ Max Miller's new book, *The Second House from the Corner*. He's the man who covered the water front, and does so again in this new volume of stories. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

TRY this cheese pasty with any fresh green salad. Rub 1 cup cold butter into 2 cups flour, and mix with 1 egg and ½ cup water. Let dough stand about 2 hours. Now mix 1½ cups grated Swiss cheese with 2 eggs. Spread this on rolled square of pastry and fold over, closing edges. Bake 8 minutes in slow oven, then increase heat to medium. Bake 30 minutes.

HOPES MR. MACFADDEN WILL WORK

STOCKTON SPRINGS, ME.—I fully agree with Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Enforce the Laws or Get Out, in the July 21 Liberty, and I hope Mr. Macfadden will work for a universal recall law which will enable voters to put out officials who do not enforce the laws. Such a movement should also provide for the teaching of our children in public schools to have a keen interest in politics so that when they grow up they will be looking out for such defects in government.—*Paul Hamilton.*

JOPLIN, MO.—Every honest citizen should be made to feel the vital importance of Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Enforce the Laws or Get Out, and to accept its message as part of his duty to champion. If every law-enforcing officer were given universal cooperation by the public, the statutes would be enforced.—*Walter O. Parr.*

WHAT, NO BRICKBATS!

ISHPEMING, MICH.—H. L. Mencken's article, What to Do with Criminals, in July 28 Liberty, was splendid. Mencken's remarks about the shyster lawyers and the decayed ex-lawyer on the bench at a criminal trial were rich and truthful.—*T. J. Bennett.*

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—I think H. L. Mencken's article, What to Do with Criminals, is a knockout. For boldness, sanity, and honesty it beats anything I have ever read.—*E. F. G.*

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—So much talk of war brings to my mind the Grecian women of ancient times and the fine, healthy, intelligent race of men they produced. These women had the idea of putting and holding before their children beautiful thoughts and things, and in this manner they built up fine ideals for their future generations. But American women—and I am one, having been in business for thirty years—permit their children to see pictures and read of hatreds, crime, murder, and sex sensualities. We are really educating our future generations to just what we don't want to happen and sincerely trust won't happen.—*Mrs. A. L. MacDonald.*

FRENCH DEFAULTERS, ATTENTION!

FALL BROOK, CALIF.—An orchid to you for publishing my suggestion about sending our criminals to Siberia (July 21 Vox Pop). But a dead cat for your heading, Would Siberia Take Them? The answer is Yes, if we made it worth while for Russia.

Another idea: Why not send our jailbirds to Devil's Island, crediting France on her war debts for their care and keep?—*V. D. O'Hearn.*

WELL, SENATOR?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Senator M. M. Logan in an article Congress Collapses (July 7 Liberty) says, "I know ninety-five Senators and many Representatives.

So far as I know they are all honest men, as honesty goes in politics."

Senator Logan was a member of the Special Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures that reported gross fraud and corruption permeated the election of Senator Overton and that Senator Huey Long's machine instigated and manipulated that fraud. Since Senators Overton and Long are necessarily included in Senator Logan's ninety-five Senators, one cannot but wonder just what is Senator Logan's definition of an honest Senator.—*Hilda Phelps Hammond, Chairman, Women's Committee of Louisiana.*

MAYBE WE'LL TRY THIS

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—One of the best reasons we purchase Liberty each week is because we enjoy answering the Twenty Questions. Might we suggest that it would be much more convenient for the customers if the Twenty Questions always appeared on the left-hand side of the page and the Twenty Answers on the right-hand page?—*W. A. Fletcher, Jr.*

NOW, WHY?

WATERBURY, CONN.—The following ads appeared simultaneously in one of New York's leading newspapers under the heading Help Wanted Male:

1. AMERICAN—not over 35 years of age. Must not smoke or use intoxicating liquors. To act as a handy man around country estate. Must be able to drive a car and understand flower and vegetable gardening and care for one cow. Year-round employment for the right man. Salary \$20 a month and board. Apply _____.
2. JAPANESE—not over 30 years of age. Must be able to drive a car and do odd jobs. Salary to start \$70 a month and keep. Apply _____.
3. ENGLISH—not over 40 years of age to act as butler and handy man on country estate. Employment guaranteed for full year. Salary \$90 a month and board and room. Apply _____.

If this preference for aliens continues in our domestic situation it might be well to have a course in our public schools on How to Become an Alien.—*William Dee.*

OSCAR GETS A JOB AND PICKS LETTERS LIKE THIS FOR VOX POP

MARION, IND.—Now I know who judges your contests. It's Oscar, the editor's dummy. For all I know he might even write the movie reviews.—*Ralph Cokain.*

WANTS FIFTY-TWO LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY

BALTIMORE, MD.—May I suggest for one year the cover, or a special article in Liberty, be devoted each week to one state or territory, to include a map of that section and its unusual features or interest? Many Liberty readers no doubt would be glad to collect such a series.—*J. W. Schen.*

KNEE-ACTION ZILCH

TORONTO, ONT.—In July 28 Vox Pop Mrs. Richard Menefee of Covington, Kentucky, wrote, "Anything a foreigner

Vox

might say would never startle or disturb an American." Permit me to change this to read, "Anything an American might do or say would never startle or disturb a foreigner."

I read in a newspaper of an American who named his newly born son V-8 in honor of the new Ford. Next we'll be hearing of some poor American baby being named Knee-Action Zilch or Air-Flow Burp. I read also of several Americans driving a car across the States in reverse gear. Only in the U. S. A. would such senseless action be allowed.—*Eric Adams.*

AND THE COCKEYED BATTLE RAGES ON

TRYON, N. Y.—I do not like your Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles very much, but my father, mother, and brother do, so I hope you keep on printing them.—*Frank B. Drayton.*

MIAMI, FLA.—I want to offer my disapproval of the Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles appearing in Liberty.—*G. R. Short.*

MYRTLE BEACH, S. C.—I am perfectly willing for lovers of Cockeyed Puzzles to have their fill of them, providing Liberty will publish another page, as it once did, and print puzzles for those of us who are not cockeyed but have just plain common horse sense.—*Lillie Bell.*

NO MATTER HOW YOU SLICE IT—

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO—Who started the idea that the American housewife wants her bread sliced when it comes from the baker? It dries out much sooner than when in the whole loaf, and there is that much more waste.

How about cutting out some of the frills and keeping the price where it is, instead of foisting these so-called improvements on us and then compel us to pay for something we don't want?—*Mrs. C. A. Seiler.*

SMART PIG

OAKLAND, CALIF.—It may surprise Vox Poppers who read Paul Annixter's great story about Indian wild boar, The Thing Death Cannot Kill (May 26 Liberty) to learn that the pig is the most intelligent of our domestic animals. I am speaking with authority, having bred pigs for many years in New Zealand.

I had a thoroughbred Berkshire boar that I had taught to stand away from the gate of his sty whenever it was necessary for me to open it. I started this tuition when he was but a few months old with the words, "Go inside, Tom," accompanied by a smart switching whenever he was tardy in retiring to his hut.

After I had had him for some years I sold him to the owner of a cheese

Pop

factory about a quarter of a mile from my place.

Two years later, a boy came up to my house one morning and informed me that the boar had broken out of his sty and was savagely charging everybody on the cheese-factory owner's premises.

On arriving there, I found not a soul in sight and all doors shut. A boar's method of attack has every chance of being conclusive. He knocks a man down by charging his legs, and then endeavors to disembowel him with his tusks. And this fellow was, at this time, about four feet long, two feet wide, and three feet high, and weighed something over four hundred pounds, and not fat.

I espied his lordship the boar marching down the driveway as if he owned the premises. I immediately called out, "Hello, Tom." At first he prepared for attack, champing his tusks furiously. As I neared him he seemed to recognize me and ceased champing. I suddenly jumped to his hind quarters and struck them with the palm of my hand, saying, "Go inside, Tom! Go inside, Tom!" To which he replied, "Ugh, ugh." Trotting toward his sty, he entered it through the gap by which he had escaped. Remember, he had not seen me for two years.

There is no animal so intelligent as the pig in taking care of the health of himself and his family. Pigs are trained in France for truffle hunting, and are far more expert than dogs in this work.—*W. R. Whyte.*

POOR BEVERLY

RALEIGH, N. C.—I can't always agree with Beverly Hills on the movies, but Liberty's short stories are certainly above the average.—*Lucy Byrd.*

A PUNCH BETWEEN THE EYES

EDMONTON, ALTA.—Arthur L. Mayer, author of *Why Hollywood Loses Money on Good Pictures* (July 21 Liberty) may know his stuff when he describes the type of theaters in the average town. But I disagree with him if he thinks he knows the tastes of the people in the average town. Such pictures as *Hips-Hips Hooray*, *So This Is Africa*, *Scarface*, and *I'm No Angel* played to very small crowds here. But clean pictures like *After Tomorrow*, *Disraeli*, *Cavalcade*, *Berkeley Square*, and *Arrowsmith* played to good houses.—*W. Allen Conroy.*

FOREST HILLS, N. Y.—It was with a good deal of sympathy and understanding that I read

Arthur L. Mayer's *Why Hollywood Loses Money on Good Pictures*. The same emotions which induce jammed courtrooms when a particularly nasty or sexy lawsuit is being heard are those which govern the hordes of women who flock to salacious and "public enemy" pictures, and make the invitations of the curvy woman who served a term in a penitentiary for indecent exposure so profitable.—*A. E. Harrell.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—Arthur L. Mayer's article was a punch straight between the eyes at those of the so-called best element who cannot be relied upon to support the kind of pictures they claim to favor.

A few more slaps like that and perhaps something effective might be done about making clean movies. At least they may stop the wind merchants.—*Samela Kay Parkhurst.*

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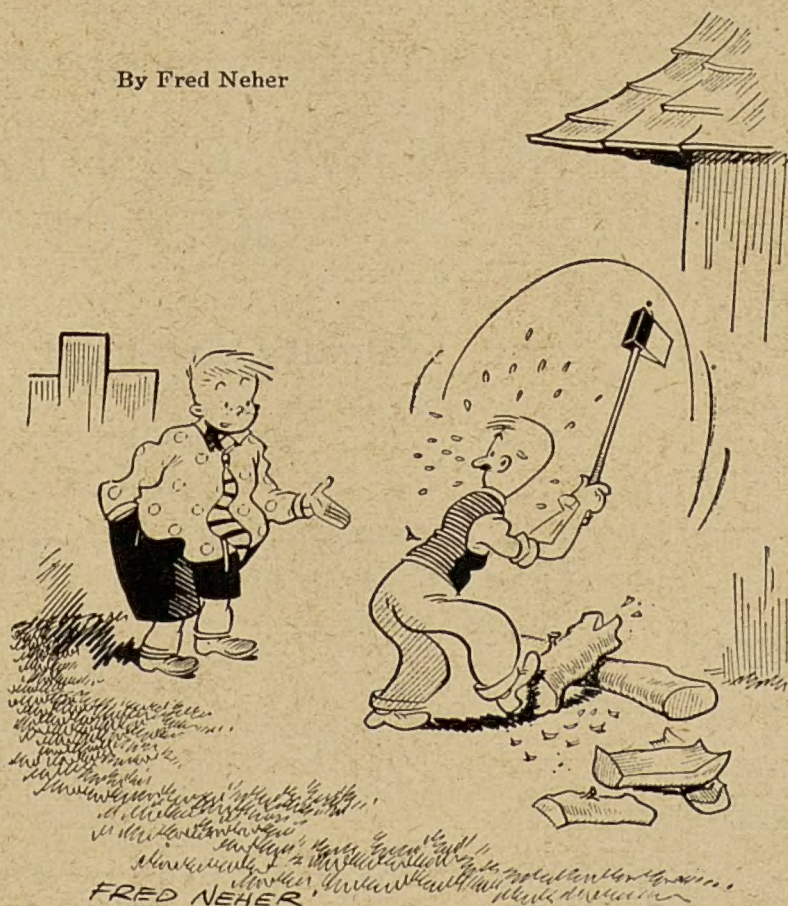
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"LUCKY MAN"

TORONTO, ONT.—So R. H. L. in July 14 Vox Pop doesn't believe there is a depression!

Well, the lucky man. His remarks about wages in the building trades being so high are laughable. Please tell him that my husband is in the building trades and has had hardly any work for about two years, since he could not compete with the low wages paid. Does R. H. L. know that many poor chaps are paid so little they have to get part relief to exist?—*K. K. Herl.*

By Fred Neher



"I'd like to help you, dad, but these child labor laws—"

TRACY RICHARDSON PROTESTS

DENVER, COLO.—Philip Mohun's article, *The Revolution Racket* in July 21-28 Liberty, is one of the worst cases of four-flushing I have seen. A photograph of me is published in the second installment and captioned George Burns. The man Mohun described was an explosives expert named Carl Burns and he never ran a machine gun in his life.

I wonder if he ever got any closer to a revolution than the saloon Mohun mentions earlier in his article.—*Tracy Richardson.*

BUT WHAT IF SHE HASN'T A BABY SISTER?

FORT THOMAS, KY.—I disagree with "Peggy" Veronica Caulfield of Rock Island, Illinois, who claimed in July 21 Vox Pop that people don't care a hoot about screen celebrities. Give us more stories of Rudy Vallee and other radio and cinema stars, and if "Peggy" don't like them, let her borrow her baby sister's book and read about the Big Bad Wolf.—*Caroline Weber.*

"IN FLANDERS FIELDS"

DALLAS, TEX.—In *Memorial Beyond Verdun*, by T. Howard Kelly (June 2 Liberty), the six lines of unquoted poetry were not original with the author, but written by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, member of the first Canadian contingent. The poem in full is under the title *In Flanders Fields*. It is said plagiarism is artistic theft.—*John Kean.*

[In using excerpts from books, prose or poetry, it is an accepted style to print them in small type, and this alone indicates they are quoted matter. Such was the style in the use of the excerpt from *In Flanders Fields* above referred to.—Vox Pop EDITOR.]

CAN "YOU-ALL" MEAN THIS?

OCEAN VIEW, VA.—Pearl Smith Truman in July 21 Vox Pop writes, "If you seek chivalry, go South, young man."

I have been traveling through the South for the past two years and I have yet to find any outstanding evidence of chivalry, not even in the college towns she mentions.

Most of the people there are still fighting the Civil War, and if one does not use "you-all" in his speech, or if he drives a car with Northern license plates, he is immediately in for a lot of suspicious questioning and ultimately for a grand chiseling.—*E. W. Lillie.*

BOSTON CULTURE

MILLBURY, MASS.—While viewing Whistler's *Portrait of My Mother* at the Boston Art Museum the following was heard:

"I never did see why they call that a Whistler. I don't see anything about the lips that looks as though she were going to whistle."

What do you think of that for Boston culture?—*Celia Tilton Donaldson.*

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Cover by IRENE ZIMMERMAN

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

HOW WE CAN BANKRUPT THE GOD OF WAR

by

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg
America embarks on a great adventure—Have
we found the way at last?

HOW DUMB IS GRACIE ALLEN?

by

Clara Beranger
The lowdown on a feminine secret one lone
husband has kept for years!

Other stories and articles by Beatrice Grimshaw, Albert Edward Wiggam, Baynard H. Kendrick, Ex-Legionnaire 1384, Bogart Rogers, and others

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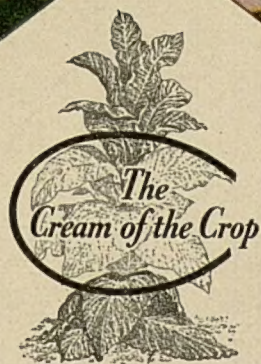
TRY this plan. . . Order a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon. . . Put a few bottles in the refrigerator. . . Now you are ready to tame that fretful, irritated husband. . . Serve him a bottle as soon as he comes home and watch results. . . See how it soothes and refreshes him . . how it quickly restores his good humor. . . But don't spoil your remedy by serving ordinary beer. . . Make

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